THE WISCONSIN 1936

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THE WISCONSIN 1936

Published by the

SENIOR CLASS

WISCONSIN HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE - - 1936

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Dedication

We dedicate this Annual to Mr. Pooley, the soul of tolerance, good humor, patience and wit. We admire his intelligence, laugh at his jokes and like his classes. We hope he'll enjoy this literary god-child and we're wishing him a great deal of the best.

Foreword

Annual forewords usually read something like this: "An immortalization of the bright period of our lives, our school days." "Compiled to preserve the sheer fabric of light hearts, young days and the record of an institution of which we can be securely proud." "If when you are old and gray and sitting by the fire you can take this book and find that it calls forth tender memories of the happy days of yore, the Annual Staff will have accomplished what it set out to do."

With fair words like these thousands of annuals before ours have used up all the ideas in the foreword writing line. So you see that all we have left to say is: "We hope you'll like it and remember us by whatever's good in this, our yearbook."

The Class of 1936

Principal
H. H. Ryan

One moment stands out in my memory of "The Life of Louis Pasteur." You will remember that one man asked another, "Do you think the inoculated sheep will escape anthrax?" The other replied, "I hope so, for the good of France."

That answer, I think, typifies the patriot scientist. He takes no pleasure in his own skepticism, but hopes that the new idea will be better than the old.

The experimenter, the seeker after new truth has two major handicaps: he is groping about in new, strange, dark territory, and so cannot help stumbling a bit; and then he is constantly beset with the nagging of the ultra-conservative and the timorous, who may trip him if they can.

It sometimes happens that individuals lose by the discovery of new truth, but mankind always gains. So let us say, "I hope so."

ADMINISTRATION

FACULTY
ORGANIZATION

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Miss Ball—The husky, bouncing Ball, Queen of the sore muscled Gym Girls. All the girls like her despite their stiff flexors and extensors and strained fat. Everybody calls her Dotty.

Miss Borchers—If she hadn't been a Doctor of Speech and an authority on everything relating to that field, we still contend that she would have been just as famous as a chef de cuisine.

Mrs. Burr—French, Latin, Greek, German, Mathematics. She knows them all; teaches the last two. She has been with the school since its founding, some twenty years ago. Besides being a teacher, she is dean of girls, and assistant to the principal.

Mr. Claxton—One stroke of his dynamic brush and lo and behold, a picture Michelanglo would have envied. Yea, the very essence of genius is incarnate in this man, that he may produce those masterpieces.

Mr. Davis—In the laboratory, in the classroom, over testube, over student, let it never be said that the eagle eye of Ira C. Davis ceases to keep watch and pierce the innermost secrets therof. Here is a real scientist, a master of chemistry and physics.

Mr. Divers—If for no other reason than he gave hearing unto those deaf ears gathered in the assembly chamber, the name of Langdon Divers will be forever inscribed upon the annals of this our Alma Mater, Jr. For it was he, a teacher of manual arts who constructed minute pieces, labored throughout the fervid summer to fabricate the public address system now in use. May his name be praised ad infinitum.

Mr. Edgerton—Is a newcomer to our institution and caused quite a flutter among the hearts of our female students, 'til he got married during Christmas vacation. Has been known to entertain one of his classes at his home.

Miss Guyles—Miss Guyles will long be remembered by us Latin students as the teacher who patiently implanted conjugations and declensions in our knowledge restricted minds. After dusting them off (they need it, seeing they're 2000 years old) she doses us with Caesar, Cicero, and Vergil in a most interesting and enjoyable manner.

Mr. Hartung—Dr. Maurice Leslie Hartung, better known as Einstein prime, returned to W. H. S. after a year's absence to impress upon our (un) mathematical minds the importance of deductive reasoning and the analytic method of thinking. He has saturated us with syllogisms, differentiae, etc., etc., and we have all become most logical minded.

Miss Henderson—Rookies, cookies, bakers, takers, of cooking find they're food fiends when they learn to turn 'em and burn 'em under the guidance of Miss Henderson.

Mr. Hinderman—"The Dean," teller of fish stories, financial and political genius, god-father of sports and protector of Hi-Y. Also teaches—mechanical drawing, shop and Vocations to them as wants 'em. A mental and physical heavy weight whose cheery smile which he uses to advertise his teeth is well known and loved.

Miss Hoard—Ah! Found! An English teacher who teaches literature with a laugh, and grammar as it should be taught—that is painlessly. She nurtures our spelling (or lack of it), and doses us with Shakespeare.

Miss Laura Johnson—"La belle langue francaise," is her dish. She speaks it like a true French(wo)man and has gained the reputation of being one of the foremost French teachers in this country. She is a linguist in the true sense of the word, a linguist of the old, intermediate, and new schools. Languages might almost be called her hobby. By her cheery "Bonjour" and rotating gestures shall ye know her.

Miss Ruth Johnson—History is her forte, non stop monologues her specialty. A thorough teacher of history and social problems. A liberal with convictions well supported by evidence. Personally very likeable.

Miss R. Johnson

Mr. Kivlin—Hops over every morning from the School of Agriculture to teach Plant Culture. Many of you, especially the girls, probably don't know him but all who've known him so far have said that he's a great fellow.

Mr. Knapp—Here is an MMM. Not to let the government get ahead of us, this means Man of Muscle and Mind, not to mention big words. He was a greenhorn with relation to the school, this year. His football team was fairly successful but it seems that the basketball team was sort of caught knapping.

Ruth M. Lathrop

Miss Lathrop—The feminine Napoleon. The absolute dictatrix of the Study Hall. Her torture implements are developed to the acme of perfection and the miserable wretch who opposes her regime is condemned to the futile, but perpetual labor of encyclopedia reproduction.

Mr. Lees—He isn't around much, but when he is you know it. He's the mastermind behind the dramatic and forensic masterpieces produced hereabouts. His triumph this year was the Queen's Husband, and a great show it was, though marred by a few misfortunes. He is truly a man of the world, and a great guy.

Mr. McMullen—"Jaw" to the boys, "Honey" to the girls, and Mr. McMullen to his face. His classes, Chemistry and Health. "Now what I'm getting at is that," is a much heard sound.

Miss Morse—"Baby of the Faculty," petite, dark. Spent the summer preparing to teach Modern History. Sudden change in faculty. Just before school started she nerved herself to teach Ancient History. Last reported doing very well. Marjorie J. Morse

Mrs. Nofsker—Guilder of the Wisconsin High Lilies. Skills the girls in needlework, dress design, color harmony, balance, poise, and patience. Come on boys let's boost her. Her protégées will make more economical wives.

Mrs. Pfeiffer—

She greets us in the morning with a most climatic smile
As she radiates her glaciated French on us the while
And she teaches us geography in true Parisian style.

Mr. Phillips—Possesses a kindly well tested philosophy. Always the perfect gentleman. Adviser to the Annual in all its practical matters. Noted for his skill in the straightening of ties in those crucial moments before the Annual pictures are taken.

Mr. Pooley—For what odd or seemingly out-of-the-ordinary fact are the Pooley English classes known? The answer is invariably the composition of a thesis or the recitation of some poetic gem upon arriving late to class. This is usually extremely painful to everyone concerned.

Mr. Ryan—You see him when he says "Hello" to you in the lower hall and also when you're in the office for other reasons than telephoning or attending to your attendance. He's the boss "but if he's at heart a cruel dictator the seniors haven't found it out in six years.

Miss Springhorn—This eminent horticulturist is universally known for the unusual, unique and useless cabbages and dandelions she cultivates. She sprouts them with the germ of knowledge, waters them with book reports and weeds them with grammar.

Mr. Sur—Immediately upon his arrival at W. H. S. Mr. Sur set himself to the task of gently coercing reluctant musical prodigies to enter the orchestras and glee clubs. After completing this tour de force he organized the A Cappella Choir.

Mr. Trump—If A equals twice as much as three more than four times what B was when Washington crossed the Delaware, how fast can train Q go, and what is the area of triangle XYZ? Such is the nature of the torture inflicted by this member of the pedagogical staff upon the students. He might be called a communist because of his radicals.

Mrs. Voss—Mathematicians have agreed that equals can be substituted for equals, but we have agreed that nothing can be substituted for Mrs. Voss.

Miss Weber—Suspected by some of being the heroine of that popular song "Ma Lynda Lou." Her outline method of teaching Biology and Health worked so well on us that she had to go to Chicago to use it on the teachers there.

Miss Weightman—Here is a wit "what is a wit," wittiness being something which some say is totally lacking in some teachers of Latin. However, not so here. A puzzle fiend, she delights in working them while the students struggle, labor and sweat over a test.

Mr. Werking—The idea in his class, of course, is to work and keep on werking. The subject matter, Das Deutsch, is freely interspersed with lengthy Biblical passages. The class is divided into Conquerors and Giants, Heaven knows why!

CLASSES

SENIOR

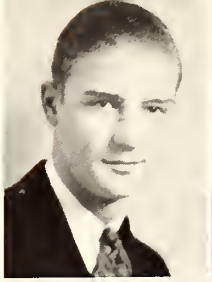
JUNIOR

SOPHOMORE

FRESHMEN

EIGHTH GRADE

SEVENTH GRADE



ALBRECHT, ROBERT *"Butts"*

"He smelleth the battle afar off."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; W 2, 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hockey 3, 2; Regents' Scholarship, German 4; Class Treas. 4; W Club 2, 1, Pres. 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3, Treas. 3.

BALSLEY, FREDERICK M. *"Fred"*

"Men were deceivers ever."

Entered from Central 2.

Robin Hood 2; The Queen's Husband 1; Annual Staff 1; Boys' Glee Club 2, 1.

BASS, ELIZABETH *"Betty"*

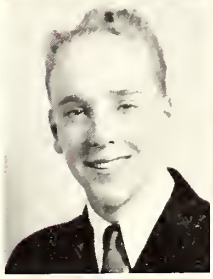
"Betty like all good women had a temper of her own."

Debutante 3; Big Hearted Herbert 2; Robin Hood 2; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1.

BLIED, ALICE *"Alice"*

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Debutante 3; Girls' Glee Club 3, 1; G.S.C. 1.



BRADLEY, JOSEPH *"Joe"*

"It is through Art and through Art only that we can realize our perfection."

Tennis Player 4, 3, 2, 1, W. 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1; Hockey 4, 3; Regents' Scholarship, French 4, 3; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Class Treas. 1; Big Hearted Herbert 2; Debutante 3; Annual Staff 3, 2, 1; Art Editor 1; Committee of 18 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 1; Hi-Y 2, 1; W Club 3, 2, 1.

Joe Bradley

BRAHM, JOHN *"Binks"*

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Football 4, 3, 2; Class Treas. 2; Student Council 3; Blue Arrow 4, 3; Hi Y 2, 1.

BRAHM, ROBERT T. *"Bob"*

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

Football 2; Annual Staff 3; Orchestra 4; Blue Arrow 3.

BRUNS, INGE MARIE *"Inge"*

"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare."

Regents' Scholarship, Music 3; English 2; Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Annual Staff 4, 2; Committee of 18 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1, Treas. 2, Pres. 1; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2, Sec. 3.

"Mogo"

BUSH, MARGARET ELIZABETH *"Mogo"*

"Short is my date, but deathless my renown."

Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Black and White Symphony 3; Annual Staff 4, 1, Music Editor 1; Girls' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Librarian 2; Girls' Student Club 4, 3, 2; Triaconta 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2.

BUTLER, FREDERICK DUNTON, JR. *"Derf"*

"I am saddest when I sing.
So are those who hear me."

Regents' Scholarship, English 3; Debutante 3; Symphony in Black and White 3; Robin Hood 2; Queen's Husband 1; Debate Team 3, 2; Blue Arrow 3; Debate Club 3, 2; Hi Y 1; Red Domino 1.

CADY, NANCY HELEN *"Nancy"*

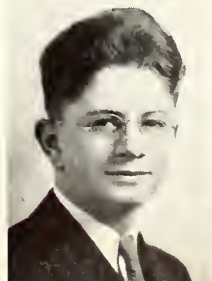
"And Little Nancy laughed and laughed."

Prom Committee 2; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1, Secy. 2; Triaconta 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1.

CHAPMAN, FRANCES *"Fran"*

"She smiled and the shadows departed."

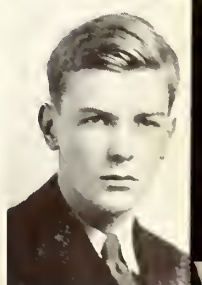
Prom Queen 2; Annual Staff 3, 2; G.A.A. 4, 3; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1, Treas. 2, Pres. 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1.



COLBERT, ROY JEFFERSON, JR. *"Roy"*

"And the muscular strength it gave to my jaw—"

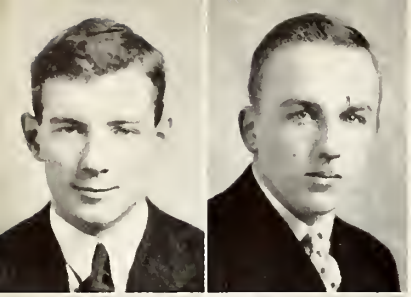
Basketball Mgr. 1; Mikado 4; Symphony in Black and White 3; Debate 4, 3; Boys' Glee Club 1; Red Domino 3, 2, 1.



COLEMAN, THOMAS H. *"Tom"*

"Silence sweeter is than speech."

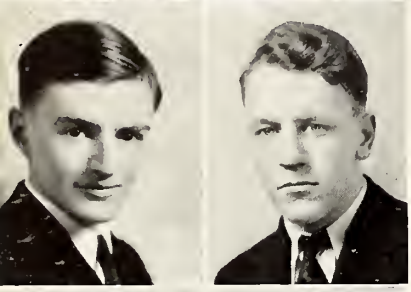
Annual Staff 1; Boys Glee Club 1.



COLLINS, WILLIAM FINN *"Bill"*

"Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Football 1, W 1; Regents' Scholarship, History 2; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Student Council 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2, 1; Extemporaneous Speaking 3, 2; Debate 4, 3, 2; Annual Staff 2, 1, Editor of Forensics and Dramatics 2, Editor of the 1936 Wisconsin; Committee of 18, 2, 1; Debate Honor Pin 2; Debate Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2, Pres. 1; Hi Y 2, 1, Secy-Treas 1; W Club 1.



DANIELS, FARRINGTON *"Farry"*

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Regents' Scholarship, Speech 4; Class Pres. 1; Debate 4, 3, 1; Annual Staff 1, Activities Editor 1; Committee of 18 2, 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3, Secy. 3; Boys' Glee Club 1; Debate Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; Hi Y 1.

DICKSON, NEVELLE *"Nevelle"*

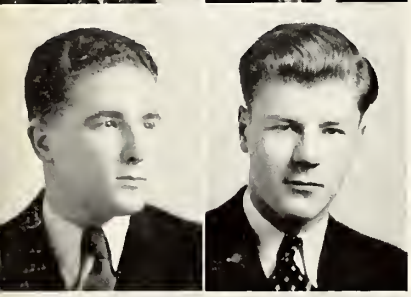
"A meek and quiet spirit."

Christopher Bean 3; Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Orchestra 4, 3, 1; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2; G.S.C. 2.

FEMRITE, SIDNEY HAMILTON *"Sid"*

"I witness and wait."

Robin Hood 2.



GREBLER, ARTHUR *"Art"*

"I would not have you otherwise though I see clearly what you are."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, W 1; Tennis 3, 2, 1, W 3; Regents' Scholarship, Gym 4; Blue Arrow 3; W Club 3, 2, 1.

HACKBARTH, ROBERT WALTER *"Booby"*

"These most brisk and giddy paced times."

Basketball 2, 1, W 1; Tennis 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1.

HAVEY, LYDING ALBERT

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer."

DAVIS, ROBERT HAMILTON *"Pop-eye"*

"Far from gay cities and the ways of men."

Football 3; Basketball 2, 1, W 1; Annual Staff 2, 1, Snapshot Editor 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3; Hi Y 1; W Club 1.

DEAKMAN, CHARLES HALL *"Chuck"*

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Football 1; Hockey 1.

ELLIS, ALDWIN *"Cherub"*

"The terrible rumble, grumble and roar."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 1; Basketball 4, Basketball Mgr. 3, 2; Minstrel Show 4; Blue Arrow 4, 3; W Club 1.

GILLETTE, RUFUS DALE *"Razor"*

"And when you stick on recitation's burrs
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful ers."

Hockey 1; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Red Domino 1.

GROSS, WILLIAM F. *"Bill"*

"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

Blue Arrow 3; Red Domino 3, 1; Hi Y 3, 1.

HAGEN, UTA *"Uta-ta"*

"Her smile is sweetened by her gravity."

Christopher Bean 3; Big Hearted Herbert 2; The Queen's Husband 1; Symphony in Black and White 3; Declamations 2; Anual Staff 4, 3, 1; Committee of 18, 2, 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1.

KALLEVANG, CHARLES *"Sarah"*

"Oh cursed spite the time is out of joint."

Swimming 3, 2, 1; Christopher Bean 3; Big Hearted Herbert 2; The Queen's Husband 1; Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Debate 4; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; Red Domino 3, 2, 1, Sec.-Treas. 2, Pres. 1.

KELLY, WILLIAM ALOYSIUS *"Tombstone"*

"Captain, my captain, our fearful year is done."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 3, 2, 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, W 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3; W Club 3, 2, 1.

LARSON, DOROTHY ALIDA *"Dottie"*

"If the flute give an uncertain sound—"

Prom Committee 2; Queen's Husband 1; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Orchestra 3, 2, 1; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2, 1; G.S.C. 3, 2, 1; Triaconta 4, 3, 2, 1, Treas. 1.

LIEBETRAU, LILLIAN ANN *"Lil"*

"Courteous though coy."

Student Council 3; Mikado 4; Symphony in Black and White 3; Girls' Glee Club 1; G.S.C. 1; Thalia 4, 3, 2, 1, Treas. 1.

MCINTYRE, MARGARET *"Margey"*

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Reentered from Central High, Washington, D. C., 1.

Mikado 4; Triaconta 4, 1; Girls' Glee Club 4, 1; G.S.C. 4, 1.

MILWARD, HELEN JANE *"Helly"*

"Her heart was kind and soft."

Student Council 1; Symphony in Black and White 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Girls' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Secy.-Treas. 2, Pres. 1; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1, Food Chairman 1; Thalia 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; G.A.A. 4, 3.

Bob Morse

MORSE, ROBERT WARREN *"Bob"*

"To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

Tennis 2, 1, W 2; Swimming 1; Class Treas. 4; Orchestra 3; Annual Staff 1, Literary Editor 1; Hi Y 2, 1; W Club 2, 1.

PAEPKE, HAROLD *"Ben"*

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Entered from Columbus High, Columbus, Wisconsin, 2.

Orchestra 3, 2, 1.

KILGORE, KATHLEEN ANN *"Kay"*

"Flirtation whets the appetite."

Prom Committee 2; Class Secy. 4, 2; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; G.A.A. 4; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1, Secy. 2, Treas. 1.

LARSON, SYLVIA GARNET *"Sylvia"*

"Anything for a quiet life."

Symphony in Black and White 3; G.A.A. 4; G.S.C. 3, 2; Thalia 3, 2, 1, Sec. 1.

LYNOTT, MARGARET *"Maggie"*

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Entered from Columbus High School, Columbus, Wisconsin, 1.

Girls' Glee Club 1; Triaconta 1.

MERGEN, JOSEPH *"Joe"*

"Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one."

Football 3, 2, 1, W 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1; Swimming 4, 3; Hockey 3, 2; Class Pres. 4; Class Vice Pres. 2; Prom Committee 2; Orchestra 4, 3; Annual Staff 1; Glee Club 2, 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3; Hi Y 3, 2, 1; W Club 2, 1.

MISSMAN, MEREDITH K. *"Mebbe"*

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Girls' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1; Thalia 4, 3, 2, 1, Secy.-Treas. 3, Pres. 1.

NOHR, DOROTHY JANE *"Dot"*

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

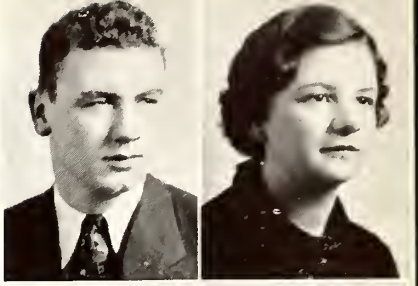
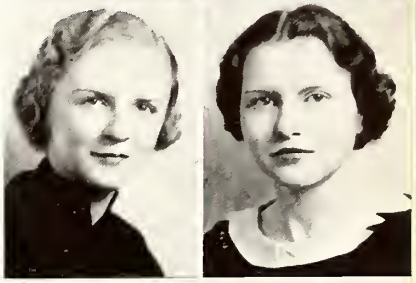
Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1; Committee of 18, 2, 1; Pres. 2; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2, 1; Vice-Pres. 3; Pres. 2, 1; G.S.C. 2; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1.

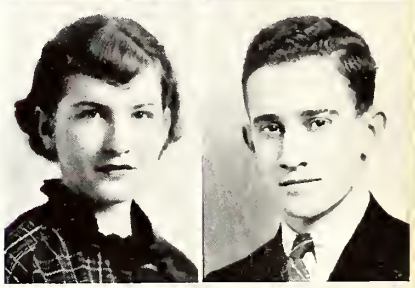
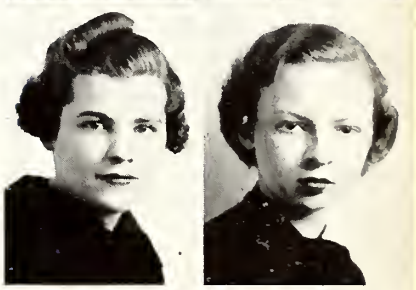
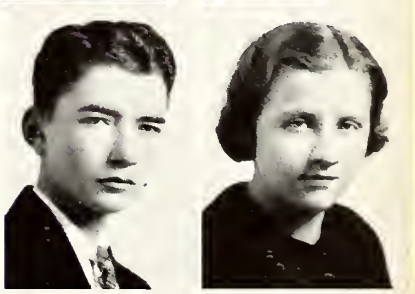
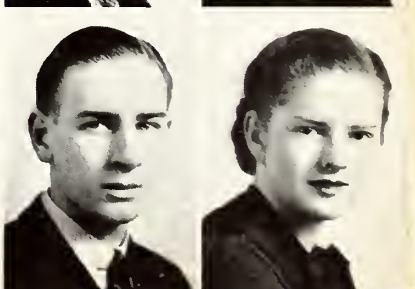
Dorothy Nohr

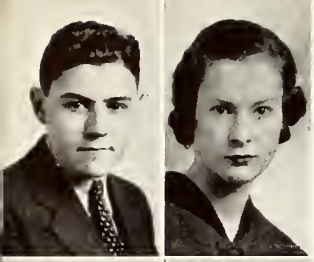
RAMSDELL, ELEANOR *"Ellie"*

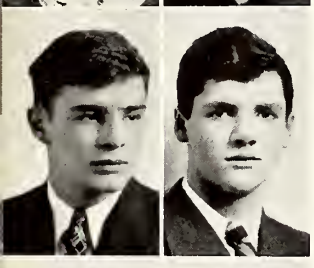
"Words of truth and soberness."

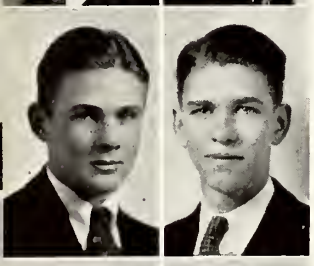
Mikado 4; Minstrel Show 4; Debutante 3; Symphony in Black and White 3; Orchestra 3, 1; Girls' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Thalia 3, 2, 1, Secy. 3.

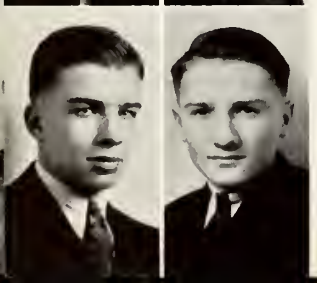











Reichenberg, Harold *"Bam"*

"Bam! And another red-skin bit the dust."

Football 3; Football Mgr. 2, 1, W 2, 1; Basketball Mgr. 3, 2, 1; W Club 2, 1.

Reinfried, William Russell *"Bill"*

"What foods these morsels be."

Christopher Bean 3; Big Hearted Herbert 2; Orchestra 3, 2.

Rockwell, Elizabeth *"Betty"*

"A southern star a music pealed."

Entered from Keysville Virginia High School 1.

Girls' Glee Club 1; G.S.C. 1; Thalia 1.

Stick, Kermit Charles *"Kerm"*

"He had a large mirror before which he would go through his exercises."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, W 1; Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1; Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1, W 4, 3, 2, 1; Hockey 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Pres. 3; Blue Arrow 4, 3, Vice Pres. 3; W Club 3, 2, 1.

Stoneman, Harold *"Harold"*

"Each man reaps on his own farm."

Glee Club 4.

Titley, Douglas Jack *"Jocko"*

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

Entered from Verona High School 1.

Basketball 1; The Queen's Husband 1; Orchestra 1; Boys' Glee Club 1; Debate Club 1; Red Domino 1.

Van Abel, Herbert *"Dutch"*

"He rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 3, 2, 1; Class Pres. 2; Prom Committee 2; Blue Arrow 4, 3; Hi Y 3, 2, 1; W Club 3, 2, 1, Secy.-Treas. 1.

Wilkie, Jack *"Keg"*

"He that increaseth his knowledge, increases his sorrow."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 2, 1; Basketball 3, 2, 1, W 2, 1; Regents' Scholarship, Chemistry 2; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Class Secy. 2; Student Council 4; Debate 4; Orchestra 4, 3; Business Mgr. of 1936 Wisconsin; Committee of 18, 2, 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3, Pres. 3; Boys' Glee Club 2, 1; Hi Y 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; Red Domino 2, 1; W Club 2, 1.

Reineking, Elizabeth *"Betty"*

"Oh shame! Where is thy blush?"

Entered from Sheboygan High School 1.

Girls' Glee Club 1; G.S.C. 1; Thalia 1.

Richeson, Martha *"Martha"*

"For e'en though vanquished she could argue still."

Orchestra 2; G.A.A. 3, 2, 1.

Stark, Dorothy *"Dottie"*

"A daughter of the Gods divinely tall."

Mikado 4; Girls' Glee Club 4; G.S.C. 4, 3, 2, 1; Thalia 4, 3, 2, 1.

Stoneman, Donald *"Don"*

"The sweet mellifluous milking of the cow."

The Queen's Husband 1; Boys' Glee Club 1.

Swensen, Bill *"Bill"*

"The Victim of Connubiality."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, W 3, 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1; Swimming 4, 3, 1; Prom King 2; Class Vice Pres. 4, 1; Mikado 4; Debutante 3; Robin Hood 2; Annual Staff 1; Committee of 18 2, 1; Blue Arrow 4, 3; Boys' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Hi Y 2, 1; W Club 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1.

Twenhofel, William Stephens *"Billy"*

"Ye are the salt of the school."

Basketball 2, 1, W 2, 1; Regents' Scholarships, Math. 4, 3, Gym 2; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Class Secy. 1; Annual Staff 1, Sports Editor 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; Hi Y 2, 1, Pres. 1; W Club 2, 1.

Wardle, Leone *"Duckie"*

"An honest woman of her word."

Student Council 2, 1, Pres. 1; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2, 1; G.S.C. 4; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1.

Wilson, John F. *"Johnnie"*

"But he is risen, a later star of dawn."

Entered from West High School 3.

Football 3, 2, 1, W 1; Hockey 3, 2, 1, W 1, Capt. 1; Orchestra 3; Blue Arrow 3; W Club 1.

THE EXPERIMENTAL CURRICULUM

It was in the fall of 1933 that a decisive action was taken in the United States to modernize education. With the installment of a new system, credited with vast improvements over the now existing standard type of high school education, a move was made which may revolutionize the present teaching procedure. Today we have the need of an altered educational system to meet the present necessities. Life today has many more complex problems than in the pioneer era. Whereas our fathers, living around the 1890's had only about 300 kinds of work to choose from, we have now over 2300 varied types, created mostly through the incredible progress of science. The special curriculum group aims to prepare students for the present day complications and conditions of later life.

Fortunately Wisconsin High School was invited by the Progressive Education Association to be one of the many experimental groups throughout the nation. The basic principles set forth by the Progressive Education Association come under two heads: 1. Whatever the participating school does by way of experiment should be so thorough a departure from the ordinary procedure of education, that the results, be they good or bad, can be traced definitely to some failing or virtue of the new system, 2. The cue for direction of such a departure is most likely to be found in some major omission or fault in the present practice.

Two points have been discovered in the secondary school curriculum which have been attacked only half-heartedly. In these two points, adjustment and intellectual improvement, the experimental group curriculum has departed from the present high school standards. It is the opinion of the Progressive Education Association that "adjustment" is needed to cope with the complexities mentioned before. The conclusion drawn from the "intellectual improvement" idea is that the standard system gives only the advantages of more general wisdom, leaving the pupil to form his own design for living. Another fault found in the school system of today is the passive acceptance, by the students, of facts rather than a more active participation in class discussion and an exhibition of reluctance to accept all ideas set forth.

Consequently, the program of the experimental group was build around these first two principles with the last advanced idea as one of the foremost corrections to take place. The "adjustment" program consists of four subjects; education for Community Living, education for Health, education for Leisure Time and education for Vocations and College Life. The program for "intellectual improvement" is made up of elective courses varying in number from the Sophomore year through the Senior year.

The "adjustment" program, being the major change effected, will warrant the most discussion. Let us look into the nature of the different subjects. Education for Community Living, supervised by Burr W. Phillips, puts emphasis on two purposes, the first of which is to keep abreast of current affairs and get the best possible understanding of them, and the second, an analysis of the major social trends in our country. Perhaps many wonder if this is not covered in the other social studies such as History. A good deal of it may be, but in order to obtain a compact knowledge of historical and present day affairs and social trends, they must be linked together and combined; fragmentary sketches from history studies soon leave the mind. To accomplish the purpose of student initiative, formerly given as an aim of this experiment, an orientation unit was established to encourage an interest in current affairs and the regular use of the newspapers, magazines and radio in regard to this subject. Education for Health is led by Miss Lynda Weber and Mr. Harold G. McMullen who have, through extensive research, gained a mass of information and certain set principles in the field of personal and community health. Miss Henderson assisted by teaching the fine points of marketing from the consumer's standpoint. Among the things touched upon in this course are: adjustment to the school program, posture

in relation to body health, the prolongation or furthering of life, bacteriological study in relation to infection in health, intelligent marketing and community hygiene with relation to personal hygiene. This course has accomplished the purpose of bringing to our attention the importance of health in moulding our life activities. Education for Leisure Time is an entirely new subject and was formulated for the previously mentioned "adjustment" idea to prepare young people for an increased amount of leisure time in the future. The difference in teaching procedure of this course from the others is that so many more instructors had a hand in executing the proposed plan at some time or other. The former coach, Russell Rippe, did assist, and the present coach, Clyde Knapp, will assist in leisure education in the world of sports. Drama, music, art and literature were jointly handled by Miss Hoard, Miss Springhorn, Miss Rector, Miss Borchers, Mr. Claxton and Mr. Lees. To motivate interest, such activities as music request programs and special literature and drama studies, were attempted. Imaginative journeys, taken on a tentative Western trip were written up by the Alpha group and several of the students presented their compositions over Radio Station WHA. Another leisure activity unit termed, Know Your Automobile, was led by Mr. Hinderman and Mr. McMullen, in an effort to educate boys and girls alike as to what makes our common machine servants run. The fourth constant of the "adjustment" program is Education for Vocations and College Life, which, by the title is self-explanatory. Extensive studies of the most important colleges and universities allowed our group to print a booklet giving full particulars concerning the different schools. In pursuing the vocations study, accomplished men of their respective fields, gave talks on the nature of outstanding vocations. The discussion of these four constants brings to an end the "adjustment" idea. For "intellectual improvement," electives, taken by all students of the Wisconsin High School, were dressed up to suit the whims of the experiment directors. Such changes as, alternation of class days (which also was the case in many "adjustment" studies), different teaching procedures and new study materials, were effected.

With this sketchy review of the experiment in schooling, perhaps you can gain, as least, an inkling as to the purposes of the experiment and a partial knowledge of its actual working. Although this writeup has been purely objective so far, it would not be complete without a word from the students standpoint. When we were notified of the curriculum change, there were many doubts and misgivings as to the value of an experiment, under which we were to act as human guinea pigs. With the beginning of the school year, explanations were attempted to make clear many of the doubtful points, but little enlightenment was gained until a month or two passed. We were all inclined to disbelieving the merits of the new system and openly expressed our cynicism, thus making the teachers' jobs more tedious. We found ourselves endowed with greater freedom of study and action than ever before and some of us undoubtedly took more liberties than we should have under such circumstances. The first year, being as much an experiment for the teachers as ourselves, was quite successful. Few mistakes were apparent. Only such activities as fencing classes and rhythm classes, in the Leisure Time group, could be classed as time wasters. These relatively useless activities have been replaced by more beneficial ones and the experiment can be said to be safely past the haphazard guessing stage. During the Junior year, the work was more difficult, with a gradual dropping off of many Leisure Time activities and an inclination toward more serious work. These tendencies persisted throughout the entire year and the Senior class of the following year had only six subjects as a result of the termination of Leisure Time. As a mark of gratitude, we, the Alpha group, express our appreciation to the teachers who have worked so hard to bring us through the three trying years of experiment.

—A Guinea Pig

JUNIOR CLASS

First Row: Daniels, Hansen, Johnson, Wilson, Thomas, Krueger, Pratt, Milward, Ekstrand, Marsh, Snyder.

Second Row: Desch, Curtin, Mutchler, Jones, Sommers, Plummer, Anderson, Buxton, Johnson, Sheldon, Strong, Dawson.

Third Row: Jollos, Fish, Schuette, O'Malley, Batdorf, Witzemann, Kolb, McCormick, Lutbeg, Gillen, Bowden.

Fourth Row: Blankensee, Corry, Frank, Mueller, Rockwood, Rash, Kerr, Zanoya, Clayton, Sanderson.

Fifth Row: Frank, Sanderson, Lorenz, Hendrickson, Kriel, Thompson, Lewis, Royston, Wallen, Cargill, James.

OFFICERS:

President	DICK JAMES
Vice-President	BILL MUTCHLER
Secretary	JEANNE MUELLER
Treasurer	BILL JONES

Having successfully passed all requirements in our Freshman and Sophomore years, we are now worthy Juniors.

This year we were even busier and more successful than in our last two years. We enthusiastically took part in all school activities. Members of the Junior class took part in the all-school and one-act plays. Many Juniors are in the glee-clubs and the newly organized A Cappella Choir. Several of our group are officers of various clubs. Nearly all of the boys and some of the girls take part in sports with great interest. A few of the boys are letter-men in various sports. One of them is Dick James, our class president this year, and next year's football captain.

And then Prom! Because there was no Sophomore Shuffle due to scarlet fever, Prom was the one big dance of the year. At the very first of the year when we found ourselves Juniors and with the Prom confronting us our enthusiasm knew no bounds. And so, by an overwhelming majority, Tom Lorenz was elected Prom King. Then, what a time of suspense there was! We had to wait so long to know who the Prom Queen would be. Finally a little more than a month before Prom was held the whole school knew that Mary Jane Thomas was the Queen of the Junior Prom.

Under our capable King and Queen and two faculty advisers, Mrs. Burr and Mr. Hinderman, we, the Junior Class made good in our Prom and all our activities.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: Volk, Nesbit, Pekel, Truax, Wilkie, Carroll, Stoneman, Wittwer, Lillegren, Olson.

Second Row: Marks, Odegard, Peterson, Sakrison, Anderson, Saeck, Kessler, Ewbank, Hogan, Jackson, Walton.

Third Row: Clayton, Pekel, Hanson, Holt, Riesser, Kubly, Klein, Buerki, Sanna, Colbert.

Fourth Row: Hendrickson, Hopkins, Winckler, Wolff, Kalbskopf, McNeel, Whitmer, Doig, Rogers, Findlay, Aberg.

Fifth Row: Stoeber, Brodhead, Waters, Greeley, Vincent, Jackson, Harrington, Mucks, Buck, Slidell.

OFFICERS:

President	DARWIN WATERS
Vice-President	CORNELIA ROGERS
Secretary	MARY ELEANOR TRUAX
Treasurer	MERRILYN OLSON

"Much ado about nothing" seems to describe the Sophomore activities to date. Enthusiasm was stimulated when the date was set in November for the annual Sophomore Shuffle. Plans were formulated and approved, the orchestra was hired and the decorating committee was all set to take off with an original, new and attractive plan for converting the old gym into a fantastic winter playground. Buzz! Buzz! everybody was excited, for, after all, this was the first and only Sophomore Shuffle we had ever promoted. Boom! zowie! and a couple of whams! Up flew the registry of scarlet fever cases and down went the lid on all social activities! ! ! No parties, no entertainments, and worst of all, no Sophomore Shuffle.

We revived our disappointed spirits by generously donating to one of Madison's needy families at Christmas time. The response was so great that three bushel baskets were filled with staple foods, meats, and fresh fruits and vegetables, enough for many delicious meals.

Then, following the Christmas vacation when the scarlet fever epidemic seemed to be subsiding we revived our plans for the Sophomore Shuffle. We did lots of talking, dug up our first plans for decorations, punch, orchestra, invitations, etc. But before we had gotten into action Mr. Ryan interrupted us with news of another ban on social gatherings. "No Shuffle," said he, so we burned our blue-prints, and decided to cancel our plans permanently. So, the class of nineteen thirty-eight will go down in history as one class who managed to be happy without a Shuffle.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Front Row: Moore, Sheldon, Eisele, Grady, Stoneman, Jackson, Bradley, Richardson, Nordness, Patterson.

Second Row: Trumbower, Holmes, Nesbit, Jollos, Advisers Johnson and Weightman, Smith, Worth, Koester, Boltz, Stafford.

Third Row: Zapata, Hall, Reinfried, Oeland, Fleming, Rockwood, Stimson, Luster, Terry, Steinhauer, Clark, Jamieson.

Fourth Row: Wright, Stroud, Bradley, Murphy, Horner, Klipstein, McGruer, Kinne, Jackson, Martin, Sullivan.

Fifth Row: Beck, Lorenz, Thomas, Richardson, Hirschberg, Smith, Otto, Jackson, O'Connell, De Pew.

OFFICERS:

President	BOB BECK
Vice-President	PAUL LORENZ
Secretary-Treasurer	ANN JACKSON

Not the Freshmen, but the upper classmen, may with a mere glance at the title and the picture pass this by with the thought that these "Freshies" are just as green as they themselves must have been. But, we can convince you with evidence that this is an up-and-coming Freshman Class as shown by the way it has entered into the school activities, such as:

The boys enthusiastically going out for football, basketball, swimming, and hockey—and the girls in basketball, volley ball, swimming, tumbling, and soccer;

Or the one-act plays tempting many of us not only to try out for but to get parts in—all going off smoothly with the aid of many practice teachers and Mr. Lees.

Also the concert and Forensic contests included some Freshmen participants.

The Frolic, which is held early in the year, was greatly enjoyed by the Freshmen, as the important social function of the year.

Miss Weightman and Miss Ruth Johnson, our enthusiastic advisers will help us just as much throughout the balance of our high school years.

EIGHTH GRADE

First Row: Bryant, Hall, Farley, Parker, Stoeber, Murray, Holmes, Salter, Adams, Salter.

Second Row: Fox, Gilbert, Bush, Enneking, Walton, McGuire, Topp, Coe, Knudsen, Neidner, Turner.

Third Row: Sheldon, Levenick, Mulholland, Benson, Larson, Sanderson, Splinter, Dawson, MacDuffee, Eggers, Flemming, Hunt.

OFFICERS:

First Semester		*Second Semester*
MAC TURNER	President	VIRGINIA PARKER
BETTY STOEBER	Vice-President	OSMON FOX
MARY MCGUIRE	Secretary	MARY MCGUIRE

The Wisconsin High School eighth grade class under the direction of Miss Springhorn has chosen the subject of hobbies for discussion during home-room meetings.

Among the most interesting were horse-back riding, hockey, shooting, tennis, and sailing. One of us has a scrapbook of playing cards of about one-thousand different designs. The stamp collectors in the room were many and we enjoyed hearing of their various collections.

The hobby most interesting and unusual was a soil collection. The collector has obtained soil from twenty-eight states in the Union and many foreign countries including Sweden, Italy, Brazil, and England. This hobby was picked up by a Madison newspaper columnist and was printed in other papers and readers are enlarging the girl's collection. She keeps the soil in small containers and has an ambition to obtain some from all the states and countries in the world.

During our class hours we have had some interesting and unusual work in General Language. We have individual notebooks in which we put our own thoughts and ideas. One of the phases of General Language we have worked on is derivatives from Latin word roots. On other pages of our notebooks are the etymologies of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Is it any wonder that we have had such interesting and educational home-room periods and class hours?

SEVENTH GRADE

First Row: Jones, Browne, George, Sheldon, Larson, Baernstein, Townsend, Pride.

Second Row: Blum, Bradley, Marks, Draper, Vallis, Robinson, Odegard, Ross, Rippe.

Third Row: White, Klipstein, Mosley, Peterson, Bunn, Roseler, Ewbank, Otto.

OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - - HENRY EWBANK

Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - HOLTAN ODEGARD

Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - JACK MARKS

We, the class of '41, feel that through enthusiastic participation in all activities we have accomplished something worth while. During the good autumn weather we played many exciting games of football, soccer, baseball, and speedball at Camp Randall. Our promising basketeers competed in intramural basketball while we all enjoyed swimming every week during the season.

In Manual Arts the boys, under Mr. Divers' instruction, built streamlined airplanes and fast sailboats, while in Home Economics the delicious aromas told what the girls and Miss Henderson were making.

Many young musicians under the direction of the music teachers have improved noticeably. The seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, directed by Miss Springhorn, presented a Christmas play. Dressed in white and singing Christmas carols as Mr. Pooley read from the Bible, they made a deep impression on teachers, parents, and students. Some members of the class gave puppet shows while others starred in one-act plays.

In home room, besides electing officers, choosing class colors, name, and slogan, giving a tree and Christmas basket to a needy family, we have learned much about parliamentary law and politics from Mr. Edgerton.

Mr. Ryan, Mr. Edgerton, Miss Ruth Johnson, Mr. Knapp, Mrs. Rector, Mr. Sur, Mr. McMullen, Miss Ball, Miss Springhorn, Mrs. Burr, Miss Henderson, and Mr. Divers, thanks a lot for all you have taught us.

SHRAPNEL

I'm building up
To an awful letdown
I'm sitting high
"Mogo"

Editorial graft

"Joeski"

"Razor"

?, mad, sweet

Bashful Boobs

The Continental
Posed by a model
Tournament
Strangler Stoneman

Literary Editor
"Chuck" and Joe Blow
Power and Light
Park your carcass
Joe's a phine artist

Groaning Gross

"Bam" and "Art"

Atlas
Blushing Betty
Smoke Screen
Prison Break

Sirens
Slush
Prexy
Disgruntled graduate

DUM-DUMS

Queen and Slop

Edgerton Game

Cuties, Crate

Manager and Liquid?

Dreadnaughts

Sour-puss and Stooge

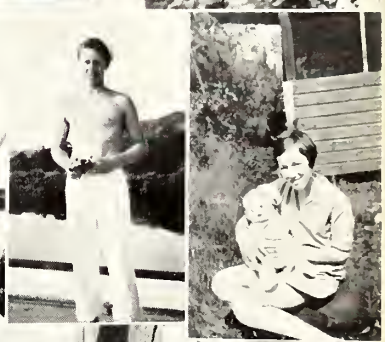
Thawing

Southern Exposure

Amazons

Prom King on the Half-shell

Schuette and Babe



Skinned Fish

Belle of W.H.S.

"Bat" and Babes

Mumpy

Petite Piano Pounder

"Sy"

School Hero

"Bones"

"Butch"

"Slug"

"Cap'n James"

SMALL-BORES

Horsing Around

Peeping Toms

Josephine

Posed

Laurel & Hardy

Droopy drawers

Ricardo

"Let's Have It Quiet"

She Stoops to Conk Her

My God! More Skates!

Try a little thatch shearing

Nice a-pier-ing

Two Gun Kid

"Ned"

"Some Bunn"

Cheapskate

Maid on a Horse

Stoneman Takes a Hurdle

"Tony"

Our Gang

ACTIVITIES

ORGANIZATIONS

MUSIC

DEBATE

FORENSICS

DRAMATICS

SOCIAL

ANNUAL STAFF

First Row: Salter, Nesbit, Wilkie, Adviser Pooley, Editor Collins, Adviser Phillips, Jackson, Bush, Lynott.

Second Row: Hunt, Bradley, Daniels, Morse, Anderson, Desch, Sheldon, Mergen, Marks.

Third Row: Daniels, Bradley, Slidell, Davis, Coleman, Cady, Larson, Bruns.

Fourth Row: Hackbarth, Balsley, Swensen, Wilkie, Royston, Butler, Bradley, Twenhofel, James.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - - - WILL COLLINS
Business Manager - - - - - - - - JACK WILKIE
Activities - - - - - - - - FARRINGTON DANIELS
Art - - - - - - - - - JOE BRADLEY
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Music - - - - - - - - - MARGARET BUSH
Snapshots - - - - - - - - - ROBERT DAVIS
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STAFFS

Art—Uta Hagen, Dorothy Larson, Margaret Lynott, Bob Sheldon, Patty Slidell, Nancy Nesbit, Ben Anderson.

Literature—Dick James, Sylvia Jackson, Ric Bradley, Patricia Salter, Jack Marks.

Sports—Joe Mergen, Bill Swensen.

Music—Margaret Bush, Fred Butler.

Humor—Fred Butler, Farrington Daniels, Fred Balsley, Bob Morse, Tom Coleman.

Snapshots—Tom Coleman, Fred Balsley, Farrington Daniels, Fred Butler, Ric Bradley.

Faculty—Philip Desch, Florence Daniels, Sylvia Jackson.

HI-Y

First Row: Mutchler, Davis, Collins, Adviser Hinderman, Twenhofel, Wilkie, Morse, Daniels.

Second Row: Desch, Brodhead, Mergen, Waters, Swensen, Lorenz, Harrington.

Third Row: James, Jackson, Butler, Gross, Edgerton, Bradley.

OFFICERS:

President	BILL TWENHOFEL
Vice-President	JACK WILKIE
Secretary-Treasurer	WILL COLLINS

Hi-Y has completed another year of service to its members. The main purpose of this older boys' club is to provide fellowship, cultural advantages and entertainment to the boys in it. This purpose has been realized in the past school year.

In order to achieve its purpose, Hi-Y has several types of meetings. Educational meetings present an interesting, informative speaker talking on any subject from boxing to the League of Nations. Occasionally, trips are taken through hospitals, manufacturing plants and other places of interest.

During social meetings, the boys see a show, go bowling or have some other kind of good time together.

Among the best speakers heard this year were H. B. McCarty, manager of radio station WHA, who talked on his European trip, and Prof. Twenhofel who gave a lecture on Newfoundland.

A trip through the Jackson Clinic gave the boys some pointers on modern practice of medicine. Social meetings included taking in a show and the traditional Spring steak fry.

Hi-Y is also a leading social club, being noted for the quality of its functions. A winter and spring party are customary. This year the winter party was given at Jack Wilkie's home and everybody enjoyed it. The spring party with a real, live orchestra was held at Prom King Tom Lorenz's home and was a definite success. The "Mothers' Banquet" held in the spring, honoring the members' mothers, concluded this year's activities.

PHILOMATHIA

First Row: Daniels, Pekel, Trumbower, Nesbit, Adviser Weightman, Jamieson, Truax, Wilkie, N. Nesbit, Stroud.

Second Row: Thomas, Chapman, Marsh, Lillegren, Olson, Odegard, Schuette, Rogers, McCormick.

Third Row: Nohr, McNeel, Bruns, Wardle, Kilgore, Hopkins, Slidell, Hagen.

OFFICERS:

First Semester		*Second Semester*
INGE BRUNS	President	MARY JANE THOMAS
MARY JANE THOMAS	Vice-President	BARBARA EWBANK
PATTY SLIDELL	Secretary	FLORENCE DANIELS
KAY KILGORE	Treasurer	DOROTHY NOHR
BARBARA KESSENICK	Food Chairman	BARBARA MCNEEL

Philomathia is both a social club for its members and a service club for the school.

The social activities were several. First, and most important were the regular monthly meetings held at the homes of members. We just shoo the occupants out of the house and bring in the food for our delightful supper, planned and prepared by our food chairman and helpers, and have a general good time. And then there was the sleigh ride party, held after one of those unsatisfactory basketball games. We started from the armory and cheered, laughed, sang, and yelled our way to the home of one of the members where hot cocoa and delicious sandwiches were served to thaw us out.

In carrying out our purpose of serving the school we kept the library chairs pushed in place at noon and also saw to it that the magazines in that worthy room were kept straight. We subscribed to the "Good Housekeeping Magazine" and donated it to the school. And at times, when everybody was using it or had bid for it next we wished that we had kept it for ourselves. Our largest service was the parent-faculty tea. This, although quite a bit of work was lots of fun for us and was appreciated by the parents and teachers (and by the pupils—?) for it gave them a chance to get acquainted and talk over various things.

The club was run very smoothly and ably this year under the guidance of our business-like officers and our sponsor, Miss Weightman, who governs us with her smile.

RED DOMINO

First Row: Colbert, Desch, Adviser Pooley, Kallevang, Lorenz.

Second Row: Harrington, Wallon, Gross, Titley.

Third Row: Gillette, Butler, Wilkie.

OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - CHARLES KALLEVANG

Secretary-Treasurer-Vice-President - - - - - - - PHILIP DESCH

Upon the shoulders of the members of Red Domino falls a great deal of the mechanical, routine work connected with the production of plays. In this respect, the organization is somewhat of a service club to the school. However, that is not entirely the vital purpose. The club consists of about a dozen boys all of whom are interested in obtaining a practical and theoretical knowledge of the theatre. Therefore we try to form a well-rounded program to obtain this information.

As was mentioned above, the actual production of plays can be studied from the staging of plays. Then, of course, along with back-stage work is actual acting, many of the members taking part in the all-school and one-act plays. At the meetings there is usually a well-known speaker, or, perhaps a play is read by the members or by our sponsor. Sometimes the club is entertained for supper, and sometimes we hold just an evening meeting. Our plans call for a social function toward the end of the year. Altogether we have had a lot of fun, and have learned quite a bit about the stage.

Mr. Pooley returned as our sponsor this fall, after a half a year's absence, and he has done a great deal toward keeping the fundamental purpose of the club always before its members. We certainly feel that we have had a fine year and we hope for many more of them.

TRIACONTA

First Row: Larson, Cady, Bush, Rockwood, Mueller, Fish.

Second Row: Jackson, Peterson, Hall, Anderson, Wilson.

Third Row: Johnson, Hansen, Lynott, McIntyre, Hendrickson, Ewbank.

OFFICERS:

President	MARGARET BUSH
Vice-President	NANCY CADY
Secretary	JEANNE MUELLER
Treasurer	DOROTHY LARSON

One of the outstanding dramatic clubs in the school is Triaconta. It was founded for Senior High girls and welcomes members who are interested in any phase of dramatics, be it acting, make-up, backstage work, or publicity.

In keeping with this purpose Triaconta has, this year, entered into many of the activities connected with the dramatic productions of the school. For some of the one-act plays the club undertook to supply the properties and do back-stage work, for others the make-up work. Publicity for the All School Play was handled by the club.

Triaconta also sponsored the Senior Baby Picture Contest and awarded prizes to the winners.

The club has a business meeting every two weeks and monthly supper meetings at members' homes. The various programs given at the supper meetings this year were extremely interesting, including a talk on make-up by Ray Holcombe and an informal discussion of dramatics led by Dr. Lees. At Christmas time the club had a party and gifts were exchanged.

Late in the spring Triaconta will give either a tea for the mothers of the girls or a farewell dance for the seniors.

Triaconta has as its adviser, Miss Jean Hoard, who, being well acquainted with acting, and make-up in particular, has given us much valuable help throughout the year.

"W" CLUB

First Row: Adviser Hinderman, Reichenberg, Jones, Van Abel, Stick, Albrecht, Kelly, Hanson, Coach Knapp.

Second Row: Ellis, Mergen, Royston, Collins, James, Bradley, Waters, Mutchler.

Third Row: Wilson, Hackbarth, Wilkie, Swensen, Twenhofel, Morse, Grebler.

OFFICERS:

President	ROBERT ALBRECHT
Vice-President	BILL SWENSEN
Secretary-Treasurer	HERBERT VAN ABEL

This has been the most successful year the "W" club has had since its inception three years ago.

It has been able to accomplish something this year that the club has failed to do previously, that is, to provide social entertainment. The first party ever held by the "W" club was held this year at Jack Wilkie's home.

The main purpose, however, of the club is to uphold the ideals of the "W" and to foster all intramural athletic activities and to create an active interest in these by promoting their welfare as much as possible.

Included in the "W" club, is the "W" board, whose membership consists of the captains of the following sports: football, basketball, hockey, swimming, track, tennis, and golf in addition to Athletic manager and Athletic Director. Their purpose is to decide which eligible boys will receive letters in the various sports.

Much of the organization's success this year is due to the splendid cooperation of Coach Knapp and Mr. Hinderman.

THALIA

First Row: Milward, Missman, Adviser Johnson, Luster, Pratt, Liebetrau.

Second Row: Snyder, Larson, Milward, Rockwell, Reineking.

Third Row: Ramsdell, Frank, Stark, Lutbeg, Horner.

OFFICERS:

President	MEREDITH MISSMAN
Vice-President	HELEN MILWARD
Secretary	SYLVIA LARSON
Treasurer	LILLIAN LIEBETRAU

Thalia has spent a most enjoyable year as a member of and contributor to the Play Shop and as a distinct dramatic organization.

Our activities relative to the school's dramatic presentations have centered principally around the costuming, publicity and make-up. Lectures were given on these subjects by Mrs. Lees and Miss Rockwell which helped the members greatly.

As an individual group, Thalia made careful plans for the year's accomplishments. One of the most interesting projects of Thalia is one that can be carried on from year to year. This project will grow more interesting and beneficial as the work progresses, since at every meeting each member contributes a small bit. This consists of pictures of costumes, character make-up or a significant setting that may be useful as a suggestion in the future. A scrap book is also kept, containing all newspaper clippings concerning Wisconsin High dramatic events. These and other projects were carried out very satisfactorily by distributing the duties to all members of the club. This, with the able guidance of our sponsor, Miss Laura Johnson, has enabled the club to experience a pleasurable and most successful year.

BLUE ARROW

Front Row: Pekel, Hanson, Adviser Trump, Lorenz, Beck.
Second Row: Holt, Brodhead, Waters, Vincent.
Third Row: Greeley, Buck, Jackson, O'Connell.

OFFICERS:

President	CHUCK HANSON
Secretary	PAUL LORENZ
Treasurer	BOB JACKSON

This club was created five years ago to provide more educational and social activities for Freshman and Sophomore boys. When a Sophomore member becomes a Junior he is automatically dropped from the club. The club meets on alternate weeks at the homes of members. During the first semester, meetings were held every other Wednesday, but the day was changed at mid-semester to Monday to avoid conflicting meetings of other clubs to which several Sophomore members belong.

The social activities were furthered by the meetings, and by two parties given by the club every school year. One of these parties is given at the beginning of the year and the second one is held in the latter part of May. To this party are invited the alumni of the club from the previous year. At meetings, talks are given by club members or outside speakers. Various projects were studied this year, but the production of motion pictures received the most concentration. This took care of the activities along the educational line.

The club has twelve members this year. Five were back from last year and the other seven were initiated into the organization in the fall. The members were under the fine supervision of Mr. Trump, whom we wish to thank for his cooperation and his splendid interest in the club work.

GIRLS' STUDENT CLUB

First Row: Boltz, Zapata, Wilson, Thomas, Kilgore, Adviser Pfeiffer, Chapman, Lillegren, Stafford, Clark.

Second Row: Daniels, Steinhauer, Milward, Reinfried, Krueger, Wright, Milward, Ekstrand, Sakrison.

Third Row: Kolb, Witzemann, Blied, Reineking, Rockwell, McCormick, Hogan, Kalbskopf, Kinne, Aberg.

Fourth Row: Whitmer, Findlay, McIntyre, Stark, Rockwood, Cady, Larson, Missman, Corry.

OFFICERS:

President	FRANCES CHAPMAN
Vice-President	KATHLEEN KILGORE
Secretary	JANET LILLEGREN
Treasurer	MARY JANE THOMAS

Girls' Student Club is open to any and every girl in Wisconsin High. Its purpose is to provide a club life for all high school girls. It meets every other Wednesday at the Y.W.C.A. A business meeting is held, after which supper is served. At this time we have the opportunity of getting acquainted with each other and spending a social hour together. After supper we have the programs, which are not only interesting, but educational—talks, home talent programs, roller skating, movies, and service work.

This year was a particularly outstanding one for G.S.C.. In the early fall we gave a mixer dance for all new students in the high school. Tasty refreshments were served which added to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

One of the most interesting activities of G.S.C. this year was dressing dolls at Christmas time for Madison's less fortunate children. In the same spirit Easter baskets were made for them. At Thanksgiving a dinner was provided for a poor family, and with the cooperation of the whole school we collected and gave a substantial sum of money to the Community Union.

Much of our success this year as an active, interesting, and progressive club has been due to the able leadership of our president, Frances Chapman, and the guidance of our adviser, Mrs. Pfeiffer.

STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row: Wilson, Jackson, Adviser Phillips, Wardle, George.
Second Row: Milward, Collins, Marks, Hunt.
Third Row: Hall, Bowden, Trumbower.

OFFICERS:

President	LEONE WARDLE
Vice-President	WILL COLLINS
Secretary	SYLVIA JACKSON

Last fall the Student Council assembled with Mr. Phillips to discuss various problems which lay before it. Among these was that of the school rings and pins. The Council appointed a committee to determine the reason for the lack of interest in the school jewelry as well as to discuss the possibility of altering the design and price. We then selected three different rings from a large assortment shown us. The ring that was finally chosen by the school is available in either gold or silver, with or without a stone or in black onyx. The pins have the same design as the rings and are made of filled gold.

The Council also took charge of the distribution of Christmas baskets after receiving many helpful suggestions from Miss Henderson as to how to make them most useful and welcome.

We discussed the new activities plan which was introduced in the school for the first time this year. As usual the annual shortage of cheerleaders was remedied by the Council.

In cooperation with the city of Madison's drive against automobile accidents the Student Council planned a safety program in the school. Through various channels, such as talks, slides, dramatic skits, and an essay contest on safety, we have planned to influence the student body to obey the safety rules both as drivers and as pedestrians.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

First Row: Salter, Hall, Clark, Marks, Coach Ball, Nohr, Stroud, Baernstein, Nesbit.

Second Row: Sheldon, Hall, Jamieson, Boltz, Reinfried, Kalbskopf, Steinhauer, Otto, White.

Third Row: Jackson, Bowden, Kinne, Witzemann, Hogan, Rogers, Kessler, Wright.

Fourth Row: Reineking, McCormick, Missman, Winckler, Larson, Wardle, Sakrison.

OFFICERS:

President	DOROTHY NOHR
Vice-President	MARY JANE MARKS
Secretary-Treasurer	CLARE STROUD
Recording Secretary	JANET CLARK
Social Chairman	PHOEBE SAKRISON

The aim of the Girls' Athletic Association is to promote girls' athletics at Wisconsin High. Letters are awarded to girls who have earned the necessary number of points. To win a large "W" a girl must have earned 1000 points while a small "W," which is the only letter that Junior High girls can win, is awarded for 500 points. In addition to the "W"s a cheveron is awarded for an extra 500 pounts. Points are received for the amount of outside activity in athletics such as horseback riding—36 hours—75 points, organized hiking—2 points per mile, Junior Red Cross Life Saving—125 points, etc.

Last fall many of the girls played speedball, volley ball, and later basketball after school. In a recent volley ball tournament in which representatives of every class took part, the senior class defeated the sophomores to win the tournament.

Other girls are seen splashing in the pool at Lathrop Hall every Saturday morning. Members of the swimming club, a branch of the G.A.A., have elected as President, Dorothy Larson; Vice-President, "Ducky" Wardle; and Secretary-Treasurer, Carolyn Hall.

ORCHESTRA

Left to right: Ramsdell, Bruns, Thompson, Sheldon, Witzemann, Harrington, Kolb, Terry, Otto, Ewbank, Kelso, Kinne, Paepke, Trumbower, Wilson, Riesser, Titley, Stafford, Colbert, Dickson, Sakrison, Marks, Nohr, Steinhauer, Moore, Larson, Director Sur, Sommers, Oeland, James.

OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - - TIM HARRINGTON
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - MARGARET WITZEMANN
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - JOHN BRANN

The Wisconsin High School Senior Orchestra, although it is not large in numbers has received much praise from teachers, parents and others for its work during the past school year. Many of the students are doing their first year of orchestra work while some have been in it for a longer time.

Under the directorship of Mrs. Rector the orchestra displayed its talent several times during the first semester. In the fall the orchestra furnished entertainment before and between the acts of the all-school play, "The Queen's Husband." Both before and after Christmas vacation the orchestra played for the one-act plays, many of the orchestra members giving solos. Following the one-act plays the orchestra and glee clubs gave their annual winter concert. During the program several solos were given by the University participators.

At the end of the first semester the orchestra received the bad news that Mrs. Rector was leaving. Everyone connected with the orchestra was very sorry to see her leave and felt it a great loss. During the period that the orchestra waited for their new director, Mr. Jebe, a former University participator, took charge. After two weeks our new director, Mr. Sur, arrived from Fort Wayne with a very enviable record there. During the comparatively short period of time that Mr. Sur had been with us, the orchestra has found him very capable and will do everything possible for him to maintain his good record.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First Row: Terry, Walton, Peterson, Milward, Anderson, Ramsdell, Lutberg, Corry, Blankensee, Odegard.
Second Row: Pekel, Wilson, Nesbit, Bush, Director Sur, Milward, Trumbower, Stafford, Lillegren, Sakrison.
Third Row: Clark, Jamieson, Hansen, Lynott, Reinfried, Wittwer, Krueger, Pratt, Lawrence, Snyder, Koester.
Fourth Row: Wright, Rockwood, McCormick, Kolb, Witzemann, Rockwell, Missman, Ewbank, Reineking, Blied.
Firth Row: Hogan, Whitmer, Rogers, McNeel, Wolfe, Rockwood, Winckler, McIntyre, Kilgore, Hopkins, Hendrickson.

OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - - HELEN MILWARD
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - - - - MARGARET BUSH

Mrs. Helen Rector, who was a popular member of the faculty for five and one-half years, resigned at the end of the first semester. Now "The Music Goes Round and Round" under the leadership of Mr. William Sur from Fort Wayne, Ind., who replaced Mrs. Rector.

During the first semester a number of girls sang solos at the one-act play programs. A concert, given by the orchestra and the two glee clubs, climaxed the first semester's work of the music department. Besides a group of songs presented by the entire girls' glee club, a solo and two octets were given by selected members of the glee club.

Preparations are being made by the entire girls' glee club for a concert at the end of the year.

Many of the senior members of the glee club have been looking over music to be used at the Commencement exercises, which will end another very full and successful year in the music department.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

First Row: Bradley, Jaekson, Colbert, Butler, Director Sur, Swensen, Mutehler, Daniels, Sheldon.

Second Row: Sanderson, Brodhead, Greeley, Femrite, Thomas, Johnson, Coleman, Kallevang.

Third Row: Stoneman, Lorenz, Gillette, Balsley, Harrington, Lewis, Titley, Bradley, Wilkie.

OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - - - BILL SWENSEN

Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - FRED BUTLER

The resignation of Mrs. Helen Rector, which came at the close of the first semester, was a great loss to the musical organizations of Wisconsin High School. She was largely responsible for the formation of most of the school's musical activities, and her departure was regretted by the members of the Boys' Glee Club.

Her successor, Mr. Sur, however, proving himself well capable of carrying on with the good work, started the second semester with a bang by holding tryouts and forming an A Cappella choir of selected members.

The Glee Club, as in past years, provided singers, both in groups and soloists, for a series of one-act plays. The boys are all given an opportunity to enter these groups if they so desire.

A concert was presented at the close of the first semester and additional concerts were provided for the second semester. This rounded up a successful year and the boys not only learned something but enjoyed doing so at the same time.

A CAPPELLA CHOIR

First Row: Milward, Clark, Wilson, Trumbower, Director Sur, Wright, Lawrence, Odegard, Terry.

Second Row: Mutchler, Sheldon, Thomas, Mergen, Coleman, Kallevang, Daniels, Bradley.

Third Row: Anderson, Kolb, Witzemann, McCormick, Wilkie, Whitmer, Rogers, Bush, Rockwood.

Fourth Row: Femrite, Lorenz, Balsley, Gillette, Butler, Bradley, Swensen, Harrington.

OFFICERS:

HELEN MILWARD — BILL SWENSEN

MARGARET BUSH — FRED BUTLER

During the past four or five years the majority of high schools and universities throughout the country have started A Cappella Choirs in their music departments. This type of singing has become very popular and many schools each year win national recognition because of their outstanding choir work.

At the beginning of the second semester Mr. Sur, who replaced Mrs. Rector in February, introduced this type of singing in our music department. Try-outs were held and the thirty-two best voices were selected from the two glee clubs. The choir immediately began rehearsing twice a week.

The choir made its first public appearance on Good Friday at the Capitol Theatre. The following three numbers were presented: "Break Forth, O Beauteous, Heavenly Light" and "From Ill Do Thou Defend Me"—both by Bach, and "The Legend" by Tchaikovsky. Plans are being made for the choir to broadcast over WHA at the end of the semester. A number of selections were presented by the group at an assembly program. Members of the choir are preparing songs to be used at the commencement exercises.

Students and teachers at Wisconsin High School are plad that an A Cappella Choir has been started. They think it is a very fine addition to the music department and grand experience for pupils interested in music. Everyone is enthusiastically looking forward to a successful future for this new organization.

DEBATE CLUB

First Row: Walton, Collins, Adviser Borchers, Daniels, Witzemann.

Second Row: Marks, Findlay, Harrington, Desch, Titley, McCormick, Jackson.

Suzanne Findlay

OFFICERS:

President	WILL COLLINS
Vice-President	FARRINGTON DANIELS
Secretary	MARGARET WITZEMANN
Treasurer	MARCIA WALTON

With a new constitution, seven new members, and lots of ambition the Debate Club inaugurated a busy program. Under the guidance of our coach, Miss Borchers, we organized ourselves and carried on our activities. Teams were soon formed and practice debates were held on this year's question of socialized medicine.

This year we have held practice debates with Waunakee, Deerfield, Portage, Milton College, Platteville, Edgewood, Baraboo, and Hesperia, men's literary society of the University. We planned twice to go to Rockford for practice debates but, each time a jinx seemed to be on us. Both times the great winter of January and February, 1936, did its worst with some genuine arctic weather; in fact, several persons have accused the debate club of causing our worst weather by considering debate trips.

On February eighth a tournament was held at Wisconsin High with seven schools participating. Out of four debates the negative won one for us and we lost out in the tournament.

The members of the debate teams this year are, for the affirmative; Virginia McCormick, Margaret Witzemann, Mary Jane Marks, Sylvia Jackson, and Farrington Daniels, for the negative; Suzanne Findlay, Marcia Walton, Philip Desch, and Tim Harrington. Most of these debaters are either juniors or sophomores and with this year's experience we can look forward hopefully to next year.

In the fall the Debate Club held a picnic at Sunset Point and during Christmas vacation an alumnae party was given.

As a whole we feel that this year has been an unusually successful one for the Debate Club in furthering its purpose, that of promoting debating in Wisconsin High.

FORENSICS

There is a time during the school year when strange voices murmuring or shouting, may be heard as one walks through the corridors after the dismissal of school. If the portals of the divers chambers be opened, the figures of people may be seen madly gesticulating and bellowing forth such phrases as, "corrupted governments," "the enigma of war," or the like; these are the orators. Or perhaps the person may be reciting a carefully conned passage in a lighter vein, commonly called declamation, with flitting gesture and dramaturgical voice. At any rate these, and one or two other types, compose that vast multitude which graces the public platform and with voice and bodily action (things all good children learn in speech) try to tickle the public's funnybone, wring its heartstrings, impress upon its mind the horrors of war, the degradation of our youth, or slowly suggest slumber by the reading of some profound and technical passage.

C. Lowell Lees, with the aid of almost a score of college students, is at the head of the ship of forensicality. The ambitious have five contests which they may enter; the humorous and serious declamatory, the oratorical, and the extemporaneous reading and speaking contests.

The school contests were held this year during the last week of March, and the first of April. In the case of oratory and extemporaneous speaking, the final results were based on the first contests; in the others there were finals, and the assembled school had the pleasure of hearing the two declamatory contests. The results follow: Humorous declamations, Barbara Anderson; serious declamations, Barbara Haake; oratory, Philip Desch; extemporaneous reading, Marian Hansen; extemporaneous speaking, Jack Titley.

Phil Desch, orator, and Mariam Hansen, extemporaneous reader, won the league and district contests and qualified for the state contests. In the state meet Phil took second and Mariam third place. This has been the most successful year in Wisconsin High forensics for a long time. The success of our contestants reflects a great deal of credit on the Speech Department.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

It so happens, in our beautiful school, that numerous one-act plays are given each year (approximately twelve this year) for the purpose of allowing all those who wish to express themselves via acting, to act. These plays usually approach a high degree of excellence, and are thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators.

Though a great part of the praise must be given to the actors themselves, without whom, of course, there could be no play, it seems fitting that a good portion of the laurels should go to those whose names seldom appear on the program, and whose work is seldom given public recognition. These people form that great army known as the backstage crew. Without them there would be no make-up, no scenery, no properties, no lighting; in short practically nil. It is readily apparent that this crew forms an integral part in the production of plays.

So let's eulogize thus: To Dr. C. Lowell Lees, under whose supervision was the entire set of plays and to the practice teachers, who directed the shows and who patiently tried to bring order out of chaos, must go a large vote of thanks; to the actors themselves we might say, "Nice going, you did a fine piece of work;" and finally to the many hard-working people who always stand by these dramatic chefs d'oeuvres, and who form the cogs in the complex machinery behind the scenes, we can say, "Thanks a million."

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND

Left to right: Butler Phipps—Desch, Revolutionists—Stoneman and Wallon, Prince William—Harrington, Secretary Granton—Balsley, Maid-in-waiting—Lillegren, Princess Ann—Palmer, Maid-in-waiting—Wilson, King Eric VIII—Johnson, Maid-in-waiting—Kessler, Queen Martha—Ewbank, Maid-in-waiting—Larson, General Northrup—Titley, Lord Birton—Butler, Soldier—Sheldon, Major Blent—Kallevang, Soldier—Bush, Page Petaly—Hansen.

A mighty drama of stirring revolution, intense hatred, spiritual sickness, and tender passion!

Such, or at least—almost such, was *The Queen's Husband*. Though seemingly predominated by a whole series of queer quirks, the production turned out to to be an excellent show. First, the play was exceedingly difficult, both from the actor's and technician's viewpoint. Then, there were but five short weeks in which to practice, and a few of the rehearsals were somewhat uproarious, so to speak, and little was accomplished at them. Then when everything seemed to be flowing fairly smoothly, Bang! Uta Hagen, one of the leading ladies, passed out on the night before the dress-rehearsal (the bang is not figurative, she fainted with the pistol shot at the end of the second act). Thus was everyone thrown into a state of nervous tension. The night of the dress-rehearsal, no Uta; Friday, the day of the first scheduled performance, still no Uta. So the first performance was postponed a week, with the hope that she would be able to play on the following night. But this was not to be, and Joyce Palmer, a member of Wisconsin Players, substituted and did a swell piece of work. During the ensuing week, Uta returned and the next Saturday the show went on as per schedule.

The plot was novel and contained numerous little problems of amorous, political, and revolutionary natues, and ended with the traditional happy marriage.

JUNIOR PROM

On the fateful night of May the Second, nineteen hundred and thirty six and in the seventh year of the most gracious reign of his excellency H. H. Ryan, one more in the ceaseless caravan of Junior Proms rolled by and became history to be herein recorded.

It may be stated, therefore, that the event was a great success. Since this has been said by every describer of social events since the christening ceremony of Cain it is necessary to refer all absentee sceptics to those whose foresight or good fortune caused them to attend the evening of swaying gyrations in the Wisconsin High Ballroom. They'll tell you that my statement is neither an exaggeration nor, as sniveling cynics might say, a ring of unsalted, unadulterated bologna. They might even add, "I had a swell time."

The subject of decorations is always a fine topic with which to begin a detailed account; so here goes. The atmosphere was in a modern theme, chic and élite. The combination of colors was black and white. Upon the ceiling was woven a latticework of white (those of you who feel perfectly capable of bull-slinging and line stretching might thing nothing of it, but the committee and its volunteer helpers found it very tiring to stretch a near bushel of crepe paper by one-hundred and fifty per cent by length). To complete the ensemble black curtains were draped on the end walls.

To supply the rhythmical touches, Larry O'Brien's orchestra rendered its versions of popular ditties.

The punch, as usual heartily consumed by all, was a truly fine brew.
The royalty ruling over the party consisted of Tom Lorenz as the stately king, and Mary Jane Thomas as the charming queen.
The committees largely responsible for bringing about most of the above, and other things, and hence indirectly responsible for the success of the undertaking were headed as follows: decorations, Philip Desch and Noel Wallon; music, Bill Jones; punch, Bill Mutchler and John Hendrickson; publicity, Ben Anderson. And finally behind the whole enterprise were the faculty advisers, Mrs. Burr and Mr. Hinderman.

SOPHOMORE SHUFFLE

Well, the 1936 Soph Shuffle is history. It was run off in fine style with the cooperation of the Sophomores, the Office, and the Health Department, and 'run off' is the word for it. How many dates did you get? We counted four; November 22, February 25, April 11, and May 18. The orchestra harmonized with the swing of things by not appearing on all four nights. A record, we think. Our Society and Fashion editors stood by as the guests didn't arrive, and some of their decoded notes are good enough to publish.

First arrival was Cicero Titley, garbed in a bed sheet and a lariat. Was the lariat at his side? It was not. He wore it around his skull to keep the hair out of his eyes, and it almost encircled his entire head.

Another highlight was Barbara Ewbank, who rolled in, gorgeously sheathed in a form-fitting pickle barrel. Hoops m'dear!

Temporarily dressed in burlap, in skipped Mary Kessler, explaining that she was hunting for Nancy Nesbit to see what the latest style was.

In staggered Bob 'Skipper' Beck, dragging an iceboat cockpit containing Merrilyn Olson. "Why don't we go *faster* Bob?" piped she.

A vision in white floated through the doorway, clad in gossamer wings and golden harp. Everyone thought it was an angel until they recognized Esther Marsh.
Ann Fish scuttled across the threshold in a grass skirt. She said she was Hawaiian, but we laughed and laughed because we knew her name was Hip Swing.
Fanny Chapman dripped in, soaking wet, clad in sail cloth and carrying a bilge pump and bailing bucket.

Unobserved, Miss Lathrop slid into the hall. She wouldn't talk, but it is believed she was a chaperone of some sort.

"Rat" Harrington clomped up in a pair of number elevens and a girdle of banana leaves, mumbling something about the great, gray, green, greasy Limpopo River. "Hell-diver" Brodhead stumbled up the steps, followed by "Firebelle" Wilkie, who had the lad covered with a wicked-looking .45. "This is one way to get him," she chortled.

Mary Eleanor Betty Jane Amy Lou Clara Belle Truax swished in, attached to a streaming banner bearing the words "Yay West." It was very oReginal, but she was escorted from the scene with haste.

Punch-boys were Warren Sommers and Bob Sheldon. As there was no punch, the lads went home to bed. Fine work, men.

Several gay young blades and their dress-models tried to crash the place. They no doubt realized what a time they would miss if they didn't get in.

The party flitted on from hour to hour, and before anyone realized it, it was two a.m. After that it dragged so much that to liven things up a bit, Mr. Ryan and the chaperones took the gang over to the Badger tavern and set them up to beers all round. From then on, the party really got going. Our editors couldn't stand the gayety and exuberance of such a spree, and so went home. Later, however, they inquired around, and it seems that the last couple left at seven a.m., leaving a few faculty members matching pennies over behind a pile of confetti and beer bottles. Our gossip editor, Robert Winchell Morse, got the inside dope on the aftermath, and he reveals that the faculty was severely reprimanded by the student council and was put on probation for the remainder of the fiscal year 1936. After all is done and said, the Annual considers that the 1936 Sophomores have hit a new high in social altitudes, and to express the sincere appreciation of all, the editors have voted to pass the plate in order to help refill the depleted sophomore treasury. Line forms on the left.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

BASKETBALL

TENNIS

GOLF

SWIMMING

SKIING

HOCKEY

FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: Collins, Kelly, Swensen, Mergen, Grebler, Captain Stick, Albrecht, Ellis, Van Abel, Wilkie.

Second Row: Mutchler, Hanson, Jones, Vincent, Greeley, Coach Knapp, Royston, James, Waters, Wilson.

Third Row: Buck, Lorenz, Kriel, Sanderson, Holt, Lorenz, Beck, Thomas, Pekel.

Fourth Row: Colbert, Brodhead, Hendrickson, Smith, Cargill, O'Connell, Deakman, Reichenberg.

DIARY OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER

Wisconsin High 3—West 0

Seconds to go. West's ball on our five yard line. Only three points between us and defeat. Then it happened. A sub half back came trotting in.

West's team lined up in a widespread formation that obviously meant a pass play. Wisconsin High rooters in the stands yelled "Pass, Pass." Three beautifully executed pass plays in three downs and the game was over. Three times West's receivers had dropped the ball when catching it would have won the game. Our defense was functioning well but the backs were just too tired to keep up with the new players West had sent in. Before a fourth play could start the whistle blew, ending our first city game in two years.

Kermie Stick's educated toe kicked the field goal by which we defeated our old rivals. Bobby Albrecht did some of the best blocking and tackling ever seen on Breese Stevens Field, and Bill Kelly, and Bill Swenson gave West's would-be line crackers an awful beating.

Wisconsin High 21—Richland Center 7

Herb Van Able, our star guard was out for the season because of injuries he received in our first game. Herb's loss weakened us very much in that position.

We started the game fast and easily ran thru them for two touch-downs. The day was warm and summery; the kind of a day meant for lying in the shade and certainly not for playing football. The heat slowed us down and play was sloppy and erratic.

Kermie Stick played another brilliant game and accounted for two touchdowns. He made the first by stepping away from the Richland Center boys on a punt return. The second was made on an off tackle drive for ten yards, and six points.

Bill Kelly, our bruising tackle also broke into the scoring column when he blocked a kick and recovered it in the end zone for a touch-down. The final score was 21 to 7.

Wisconsin High 21—Stoughton 12

The team started out in a hurry and scored three touchdowns in the first half. We decided that in the second half we would take Stoughton royally. No sooner had the half started than Stoughton was in possession of the ball on our five yard line. They scored twice in that half and missed both points after touchdowns. It was a close, hard game, at least in the last half. Kermie Stick did most of our scoring on two touchdown dashes. A long pass from Kermie to Bob Albrecht produced a third touchdown. Bob's fine blocking mowed down Stoughton's ends and made Kermie's long runs possible. The final score of this close, exciting game was 21 to 12.

Wisconsin High 0—Fort Atkinson 0

We just couldn't get into pay dirt in the first half of the Fort game. Our defense prevented the Fort boys from going very far, but we in the backfield were constantly worried by Werner and Beebe, two fast, slippery ball carriers. Our playing in the second half was much improved. We kept the ball in the Fort territory most of the time, but we just didn't have that extra scoring punch. In the last few minutes our offense began to click. At the final whistle we were headed for the last white line and only eight yards away. Stick's running and Albrecht's kicking were outstanding features of the game. Center Bill Swensen sent a couple of Fort boys to the bench when he met them head on, putting his 190 pounds to good use.

Wisconsin High 0—Edgerton 0

The little boys in the gym entertained us before game time. They told us how easily we would win and who on Edgerton's team might play halfway decently. With the game mentally in the bag we went on the field. The struggle started, and then we began to wonder where all the touchdowns we intended to score were going to come from. Our backs couldn't skirt the ends, their guards and tackles played a floating game, that is, waiting on the line of scrimmage for the ball carrier, and their pass defense was impregnable. How to win? We never found out until after the game, when Coach explained the cause of our troubles. He said no one ran as if he wanted to get anywhere and that we all played as if we had been out all night. Another scoreless tie on our record.

Wisconsin High 33—Monroe 12

We thought we were due for a win so we took a chance and vowed not to shave till after the game. Luckily we were able to come out from behind the shrubbery due to our victory over Monroe. Captain Stick romped for a touchdown the first time he got his hands on the ball. After that touchdowns followed

in rapid order. We tried to let every regular get a touchdown and very nearly did. Monroe scored twice while the Wisconsin High regulars warmed the bench. They were about to score again when the regulars came back to save the day. This game restored enough of our confidence to make us feel fairly optimistic about the Watertown game the next Saturday. The final score was 33 to 12.

WISCONSIN HIGH 0—WATERTOWN 14

Watertown was said to have their best team in ten years. They were undefeated and won all their games by large scores. Wisconsin High was picked for just another victim. In the first half most of the play was between the thirty yard lines and neither team made much headway. In the second half our line took a beating from Watertown's huskies but it still held. In the last eight minutes of the game their quarterback finally started to call some end runs. Watertown's interference smashed down our ends, took out the defensive backs, and led the way for the ball carriers to our goal line. It was a heart-breaking game to lose because of the great battle the team put up to hold Watertown scoreless for three quarters. It was a new experience for them, because we held them scoreless longer than any other team did all season. Perhaps with a lucky break or two we might have won the game and been on top of the Southern Six instead of in third place where we ended.

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25 YEARS AGO THIS FOOTBALL SEASON

Coach Fly Trapp peptalked thusly between the halves, "You boys seem to be a bit off color today. You're not the team you were in the first games. You must be having a bad day. You're relaxing your efforts, slowing down. I think the confidence and the will to win you showed earlier in the season is lacking. Now I want you to go back there in the second half with the confidence, the speed, the timing you had in your first games and I hope you'll win."

"I owe it all to Camels," panted Kermit Zilch, triple threat terror at the end of the gruelling game with the Old Ladies' Home B Squad in which he scored umpty-nine touchdowns.

Dobby Alrecht while dressing in the locker room remarked, "I have heard much talk about whiffleboard elbow ruining one's passing ability. But I find that whiffleboard playing helps the accuracy, flexibility, and whip of my passing arm."

Angel Sellis, galumphing guard, stated, "It has been said that I used harsh words on some of the boys in several football games. I am deeply sorry for what I have done. I see now that it was very vulgar of me to use such low expressions as 'My stars' and 'Good gracious me, what's the matter?' on the football field."

Bill Smensen, center, simpered, "It takes inspiration to play football. The little woman is all the inspiration I need."

Butch Gertrand, end, beating a second semester retreat toward East babbled baboonishly, "The Fools Retreat ain't all it's cracked up to be."

Bo Wergin, end, said, "I find my flitting football nose is very embarrassing. After sneezing I frequently have to pull my nose out of my hair or fish for it in my throat and it makes me self-conscious."

Geg Gilkie grunted, "What I like to see in a football team is the old pep and ginger ale, the old fight and pepper, I may even say the old haba daba in thuh."

Gart Drebler blazed down the field like a Neon sign but somehow couldn't hit the green lights. Coach told him to take a walk.

Billy Bones, back, braintruster, Geometry and Chemistry shark jabbered, "I find a pullover style letter sweater invaluable in taking tests, especially when the flap happens to contain a few stray notes."

Dick James—"Ew bank on me to play my best."

Slerb Van Apple, guard—The Boy Wonder of Dayton Street or How I Played One Game and Got a Letter. (That's all right, Slerb, we love you.)

Phil Felly, tigerish tackle, tittered, "Smoking is a vile habit. Each puff is like a spadeful of dirt on the smoker's coffin."

Winnie Wutchler, watch charm guard, whinnied, "Watch me charm them babies in fast time."

Mighty Laka Blindman, referee in the Edgerton game, "What's it gonna be boys? What play are you gonna use next." Quarterback Alrecht answered, "Yes."

Shots of Watertown, Monroe, and Edgerton Football Games-

20 - Jones — halfback
22 - Mergen — end
25 - Albrecht - quarterback
26 - Grebler - halfback
27 - Ellis — guard
30 - Stick — halfback
32 - Bertrand — end
34 - Royston - tackle
35 - Kelly - tackle
36 - Wilkie - tackle

BASKETBALL

First Row: Wilkie, Twenhofel, Jones, Captain Kelly, Mutchler, Davis, Kriel.
Second Row: Stick, Coach Knapp, Royston, Titley, Grebler, Colbert.

Wisconsin High—Prairie du Sac

The outfit journeyed to Prairie du Sac in a down-pour of rain. Prairie du Sac turned out to be mostly Schultz, a flashy and accurate shooting forward who garnered twelve points. Our quintet was off to an impressive start. They passed the ball fast and drove in hard to score eleven points in the first quarter. However the team only scored five points while Prairie du Sac scored fifteen in the next three quarters for a total of eighteen points. If your arithmetic is right you can see that the team lost 18-16.

Wisconsin High—Central

Next our boys played the tall boys from Central in the Field House. The big opponents and the large floor were too much for our small team. We lost 36 to 12. Central's captain Vilas Owens was "on" and he got 14 points. Kelly played best for Wisconsin High. When it was plain that the game was lost Coach sent in many substitutes and all of them showed up well, some even playing better than the regulars.

Wisconsin High—Stoughton

Stoughton was our first Southern Six opponent. The five played well, but Stoughton had too much power and speed in Ustad and Stockton. Kelly and Jones were standouts for Wisconsin High. It was Jones's first game as a regular, but he played like a veteran and scored nine points. There were many substitutions as Coach was anxious to watch the various players perform before a crowd. The final score was 30-16.

Wisconsin High—Monroe

Wisconsin High started out for their first win in four starts but were unable to come through. At times the team showed great promise, and then again it would perform like a grade-school outfit. Monroe wasn't much better, but they played consistently and won 19 to 12. Kelly as usual played a good game at center. Sometimes the game got rough, and Twenhofel was forced to leave the floor early in the fourth quarter on fouls. Frequent substitutions hampered smooth team-work by Wisconsin High.

Wisconsin High—Watertown

The team got off to a whirl-wind start and showed some good ball playing. Watertown was supposed to be the best team in the league so the defeat didn't hurt so much. Wisconsin High might easily have won the game had they been able to score in the third quarter. As it was they lost 16-13.

Wisconsin High—Edgerton

The team journeyed to Edgerton in 20 below zero weather for the game to decide who should have the cellar. As usual the boys played well the first half but slowed up the second. Smooth ball-handling was hampered by Edgerton's small gym. Mutchler stood out for Wisconsin High. The final score was 25-20.

Wisconsin High—Fort Atkinson

Fort Atkinson, the league leaders, figured they had an easy victory, but Wisconsin High played good ball to lead the entire game except for about the last three minutes. The team showed plenty of drive, and when they started their offense they usually ended up in good position for a shot. With a little more luck Wisconsin High would have dethroned the leaders. Mutchler, Kelly, and Twenhofel played good ball for the losers. The final score was 23-17.

Wisconsin High—Stoughton

Stoughton, though not in first place, was considered by many the best team in the league. Of particular interest was the fact that the so-called "first-team" played three quarters and scored seven points, while the second team played only one quarter and scored seven points. Hackbarth displayed unusual drive for the basket and was the outstanding player for Wisconsin High. The final score was 26-14.

Wisconsin High—Watertown

Watertown displayed the form that made them the league champions. Wisconsin High played well at times but they were not consistent. The outstanding player of the game was Watertown's 6′6″ substitute center. Because of the opponent's excessive height Wisconsin High had trouble on rebound shots. The final score was 38-17.

Wisconsin High—Edgerton

Since Edgerton had won only one game, and that one against us, it was believed that the team had its best chance to win its first game. However, the lads played erratically, and a last quarter rally failed. Kriel was the only player to play consistently. The final score was 16-15.

Wisconsin High—Fort Atkinson

The Badger Preps again lost, but the people seeing the game had only words of praise for the fine showing of the team. At the half the score was knotted at twelve all, and at the end of the game Fort was ahead 32-24. Fort has an extremely slippery floor and everybody was falling down. In spite of this both fives showed good teamwork and good rebound work.

Wisconsin High—East

Wisconsin High for the second consecutive night showed the spectators a good show. East, in third place in the Big Eight and city champion only beat Wisconsin High 24-18. The game was close for all except the closing minutes when East pulled ahead. Mutchler had a good eye for the basket to lead both teams in scoring with eleven points.

Wisconsin High—Monroe

Wisconsin High lost its thirteenth game on Friday the thirteenth. After leading throughout the first quarter, the team tired and frequent fouls caused poor team-work. The final score was 33-15.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Wisconsin High—Platteville

Wisconsin High led Platteville the first quarter, but as the game progressed Platteville pulled ahead. Platteville went on to win the District and to lose out to East in the Consolation finals of the State Tournament. Final score 31-20.

Wisconsin High—Stoughton

Stoughton, for the third time, beat Wisconsin High by a big margin. This ended Wisconsin High's playing for the season. Final score 33-19.

The B-team this year was more successful than B-teams have been in past years. It has usually been that the B-team lost all its games, but this year it was the A-team.

The squad was composed of only Sophomores and Freshmen although Juniors were eligible. It was very well coached by Joe Capicek, a student at the University. Following are the results of the games:

Wisconsin High	6	Central	19
Wisconsin High	21	Middleton	22
Wisconsin High	18	West	9
Wisconsin High	21	Syene	17
Wisconsin High	16	Syene	7
Wisconsin High	12	St. James	26
Wisconsin High	13	Meuer Fuel	21

First Row: Brodhead, Hanson, Holt, Pekel, Sheldon.
Second Row: Anderson, Waters, Vincent, Greeley.
Third Row: O'Connell, Jackson, Lorenz, Buck.

B-TEAM BASKETBALL

First Row: Bradley, Reichenberg, Captain Bradley, Morse, Grebler, Hackbarth.
Second Row: Brodhead, Gross, Anderson, Stick.

TENNIS

Thirty boys turned out from the senior high school for the tennis team. An elimination tournament was run off to select the eight best players—four singles and two doubles. The weather and court situation hampered the much needed early spring practice. Consequently, all the teams had a poor start but snapped into shape toward the end of the season.

The eight players, plus an occasional substitute, played in six dual meets—two each with the other city high schools: West, Central, and East.

The dual matches served as preliminaries to the annual battle with West for the City Championship, and to the main show of the evening: a trip north to Neenah where we entered the State High School Tourney.

GOLF

A change in procedure of qualifying this year made the choice of team members fairer and more exact than during previous years. The thirty-six hole grind in place of the former eighteen holes of play brings out the better characteristics of the player and his consistency of play.

First Row: Swensen, Brodhead, Mutchler, Captain Hackbarth.
Second Row: Holt, Mergen, Sheldon.

The members in the order of play are Robert Hackbarth, Robert Sheldon, William Swensen, Joe Mergen and a tie between Bill Mutchler and Fred Butler.

The matches to be played are in order, Central, West, East, and a return match with each of these high schools, making a total of six inter-school matches. Several added attractions this year have made for more interest and enthusiasm for positions on the golf squad. In place of playing the home matches on a municipal course for a fee of twenty-five cents a round, the Blackhawk Country Club has been obtained for these matches, mainly through the work of Mr. Ryan and Mr. Sheldon.

The golf team looks forward to an all-city match and the special feature is a fine trip to the state high school tournament, made possible by the increased tuition rates this year.

SWIMMING

The swimming team this year was not very successful. We only had two meets both of which were with Janesville. We lost them both—the first by about thirty points and the second by only three. Had Kerm Stick won the diving and Bill Swensen the hundred, both lost by narrow margins, the meet would have been ours. Bud Mates, our coach, certainly knows his swimming and had he a little more cooperation from the fellows, he could have turned out a winning team with ease.

First Row: Brodhead, Swensen, Lewis, Sanderson, Stick, Kallevang.
Second Row: Vincent Lorenz, Balsley, Rieser, Sanderson.

We have the use of the University tank on Monday and Friday nights from six to seven o'clock and although this is better than not having it at all, it would be much better for the squad if we could find a tank to practice in daily. This we hope for within the next year or so.

ATHLETIC ANGLES

End Mergen, Halfback Stick and Center Swensen made all-city on the Capital Times All-City Football Team. This is the first time in several years that so many of our players have received this honor. Read what Bob Fleming of the Times sports staff had to say about the lads in picking them. "Mergen who doesn't have a great deal of size nevertheless can crack a tackle or catch a pass with any of them and his down field work on punts was a pleasure to watch."

"The halfbacks are Bob Arnold from Central and Kermit Stick who was captain of Wisconsin High. Both are experienced field generals. Their ball carrying is the kind that thrills the old timers for they constantly drive for that extra yard or two when hit and yet can avoid tacklers most of the time. Both of them have other threats but I'd be satisfied to let them run and block on offense, play the defensive halfbacks and prove their right to my confidence by their consistently fine play."

"And at center to complete the first team I'll take big Bill Swensen of Wisconsin High, another blonde lad with a Scandinavian love for battle in his heart. From original reticence about playing football Swensen developed into one the city's smartest gridders. His passing was automatic and in his lone start against a city team he dominated the Badger Prep team to play a big part in the surprise victory over West."

Over 60 boys participated in the first annual noonday intramural contests conducted by Jimmy Fallon. The winners:

Junior High—Earl Sheldon

Senior High—Calvin Royston

Individual events and winners:
Checkers—Stoneman

Game of twenty-one—Ben Blum and Tom Rippe

Speed twenty-one—Calvin Royston, Jack Titley

Golf Basketball—John Davis

Handball (Senior High)—Art Grebler and Harold Reichenberg

Game of twenty-one—Karl Eisele and Jack Nordness

Handball (Junior High)—Earl Sheldon

Free Throw Tournament—Calvin Royston

Dick James won two honors in the same night at the Football Banquet—the eating championship and the football captaincy. Dick is a fighting player who can take a lot of punishment and still smile. His example and leadership should be helpful to next year's team.

Plans are being made to get several ping-pong tables next year and it is hoped that the noonday intramurals will grow and develop so that all students may participate in some way.
This is the first year that the girls have been invited to try out for the golf team. Captain Hackbarth says, however, that the only girl who has a fair chance of making the team is Helen Milward. A sizzling scintillating score of 95 will probaby be good enough to make the team

Thirty boys came out for tennis this year. Six dual matches were held in addition to participation in city and state tournaments. Tennis is picking up.

Two weeks of spring football practice were held this year climaxed by that battle royal, the next year hopefuls and the all done Seniors game. Coach Knapp put himself in the hole when he promised that the all dones could toss him into the showers if they beat next year's outfit by more than three touchdowns. The seniors spotted the varsity three touchdowns and still won 26 to 18. Coach was heaved under the spray of cold water, clothes and all. The football outlook for next year seems to be fair and warmer, especially if the line can be strengthened.

THE SKI CLUB

First Row: Turner, Stafford, Jones, Ross.

Second Row: Bradley, Bowden, Anderson, Bradley.

Third Row: Coleman, Hackbarth, Larson, Nohr, Witzemann, Kallevang.

The return to Madison of winters that bring three feet of snow and low temperatures has inspired the town with an enthusiasm for skiing which has been reflected in the organization of school ski clubs. It is hoped that, with the cooperation of the weather, this enthusiasm and this sport will be built up to the level of one of the important high school athletics.

The Ski Club participated in three events this winter. The first was a morning of jumping and slaloming in Shorewood. Second, was the entrance and success of several members in the Madison Ski Meet. Lastly, we whipped out to some hills beyond Middleton where we spent an afternoon at the slalom and downhill.

This winter was the first winter that much has been done at Wisconsin High in the way of hockey. Early in the season, Jimmy Fallon, former university hockey star, issued a call for all boys interested in hockey. Ten boys reported and although they only won one game, they did score heavily and were not much outclassed. The captain, John Wilson, was placed on the All-City High School Hockey Team at the center position. Following is the list of the members of the squad and also the results of the games.

RESULTS

Wisconsin High	1	West	7
Wisconsin High	1	East	2
Wisconsin High	4	East	1
Wisconsin High	2	Central	10
Wisconsin High	1	Central	8
Wisconsin High	2	Central	7

First Row: Beck, Deakman, Wilson.

Second Row: Coach Fallon, Gillette, Plummer.

HOCKEY

LITERATURE

NARRATIVES

ESSAYS

POETRY

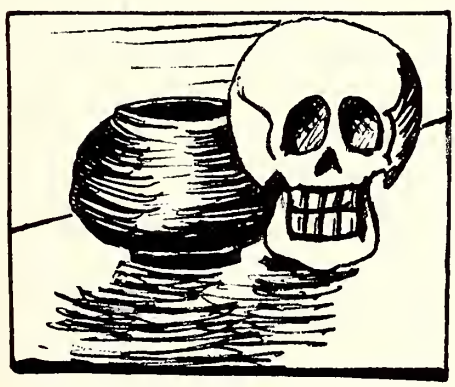
Senior

ANNUAL CONTEST WINNER

Down in the middy where do ittie fittie woo,
Lived a momma fiddie and da ittie fiddie too.
Twim, taid da fiddie and da ittie fiddie twam
And dey twam and dey twam and dey twam.

—ANONYMOUS

INDIAN RESURRECTION



Though it was a long chance when I wrote that letter to the Museum, I had little hope that they would let me go along on the 1935 expedition, and I was floored when they said I could come, if interested. Wrote back in a hurry before they could change the decision. This was in March sometime. In June, about the sixth, I went down there to meet the other members of the party. They consisted of six people, one Chief, two girls, and three college lads. All looked good, and showed both a sense of humor and a business-like attitude, two qualities which seem to be requisites for the success of an expedition. After a discussion of the summer's work, and the equipment we were to take, the bunch posed beside the Museum truck for a news camera. The truck, incidentally, had outlived itself, and should have been junked long ago. During the trip down, it ate gas a quart a minute, and gave out every few miles. Towed into a garage, it was found that two spark plugs were dead and that some fool back home had screwed the carburetor on upside down.

On June 25, the expedition pulled out in the rain, driving a '34 Plymouth and the truck, loaded with duffle. On the trip down we averaged about 325 miles a day, camping in the auto courts at night. One night we stayed in Santa Fe and lived in class at La Fonda Hotel. It was here that we learned that one member of the party was a little different. He kept us awake for half an hour struggling with something over near the window. When I finally asked him what he was aiming to do, he said he was trying to open the inside door so we could get some air. It was a screen door. Later he mailed a letter to his aunt in Wichita with

no address, and the desk clerk who found it took one look at him and decided the letter must be his.

As it was, we made the 1600 miles in six days, and pulled up in Reserve, New Mexico. The place is set in a wide valley, and surrounded by scrub junipers and tall Norway pines. The town itself is typically Western, having about 200 inhabitants and four saloons. After our arrival we drove out to the ranch. The ranch is run by a family of real Westerners who are in the cattle business for a living, not for the romance of being cowboys.

Our camp was situated on the ranch irrigation pool in the mountain foothills, and consisted of four tents in the shade of some extra tall firs. We worked with this as a base, ate our meals at the ranch house, and drove the truck two miles to the excavations at 8:00 in the morning, back at 12:00 for lunch, and up and back again in the P.M. for a three-hour shift. This routine was practiced five and a half days every week. The pick and shovel work was done by the boys, while the more delicate burial resurrection was done by the other members of the expedition. Work was tough at first, and we worked in shifts of two for the first week until the blisters hardened and we got over our lameness.

Everything ran smoothly, the food was excellent, the work went easily, and the sun was not too hot. A daily afternoon dip in the pool after a good day's work kept us feeling optimistic and kept the dirt out of our ears.

After the third week we really settled down to business. All excavations were mapped, recorded, and finds were catalogued and stored. The burial ground of the 12-room village was located and one section worked in that while another section worked in the rooms. We got so expert at our work and acquired such technique that we learned to distinguish any one of twelve picks and shovels with closed eyes, just by lifting it. There was a daily rush for the favorite pick or shovel, and plenty of arguments rose out of different opinions as to how to hold a pick on the up and down strokes.

Daily routine was not as monotonous as it would seem, because each day brought new discoveries, and an extra loud "Hey" brought the whole tribe padding over toward the yell to see what had been uncovered. Occasionally, if certain people weren't around, the two gangs digging on opposite sides of the village had dirt fights from the trenches. A fellow was lucky if he came out of a battle with less than a black eye. Once in a great while we knocked off a day and drove to Silver City for a rodeo or just for the devil of it.

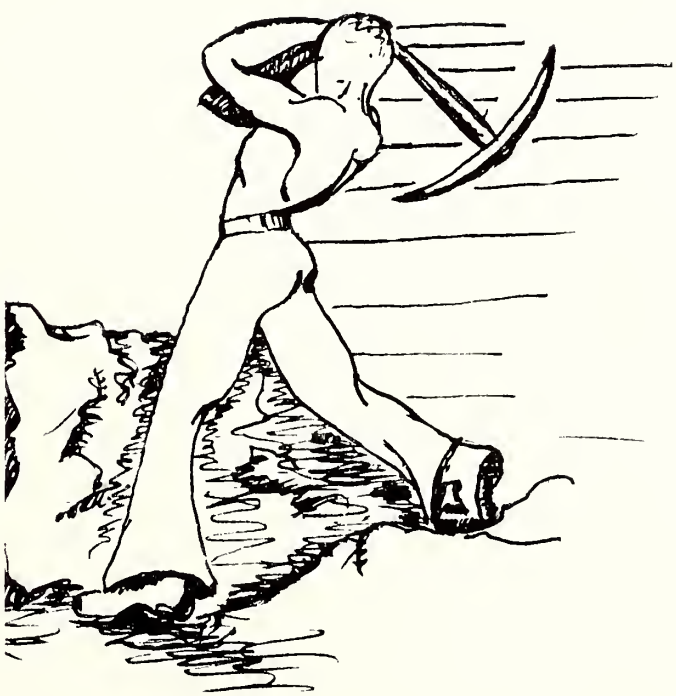
Saturday P.M.'s and Sundays we spent risking our fool necks on mountain cliffs, hiking, swimming or shooting. When we first came, the pond was lousy with frogs, but between our target practice and the water snakes, they sort of disappeared. Evenings were spent sitting under the stars in front of the campfire listening to Chicago dance music via the car radio. Sounded sort of funny to hear something like "Love and a Dime" on the radio and then a couple of coyotes sounding off over on the ridge.

Our work and play went on, the fruits of our labors continued to pile up, and we all collected healthy tans. But, don't think it was all roses and gravy. It wasn't. There were days when we didn't find a thing; there were days when everyone moped around like a bunch of gloomy gorillas griping their teeth out. There were some days when it drizzled steadily, and the extra weight of mud on the shovels added to the depression.

At times like this, general dejection and repressed anger were given rein to by different individuals. One had the habit of complaining to the Chief in a sob-torn voice. Another leaned on his pick handle and unloaded various forms of French and English on the already sultry atmosphere. Still another laid his hands on all available firearms, withdrew to the woods, and methodically blazed away at some unoffending stump. All in all, though, these hangfire periods were few and of short duration, and afterwards everyone could laugh about it. If you couldn't laugh, you shouldn't have come.

We never realized how much territory we had spread out over until we started to pack up. One whole day was given over to rounding up canteens, water bags, picks, shovels, clothing, lanterns, and blankets. The range extended all up and down the Frisco Valley, from town to ranch, and back to camp. All skulls, bones, arrowheads, beads, and bowls were carefully packed and shipped express, the tents and cots were rolled up, and all duffle stowed in the truck. We left the little one-cylinder town of Reserve in the dust on September 31st, and headed down along the southern route for home. At El Paso we crossed into Juarez, Mexico, which is a dirty little dump, full of cheap curio stores, brass bands, and boot-blacks. Here the eccentric member of the party bought a rug, and because he refused a sales slip, was detained at the customs station for a half hour.

One afternoon the truck was bowling along at fifty on a Texas highway, and we noticed it needed gas. So at the next town we pulled up at a station, and as the truck jammed on the brakes in front of the pumps, one of the rear wheels parted company. All but two of the wooden spoke inserts had worn clean, and the brakes did the rest. Three occupants of the truck sat in deep reverie and thought about what would have happened at 50 miles an hour.



We were 2½ days driving across Texas and the fellow with the rug, being from Europe where you hop around from one country to another in a couple of hours, was sick of it. He had a hard time realizing that we were still in America from day to day. When we finally pulled in at home, each of us had a hot water bath for the first time in ten weeks and steeled ourselves for the Long Grind.

HOW WISCONSIN HIGH SAVED THE CITY OF MADISON

Due to a series of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals, the outlet of Lake Monona was blocked off by a range of hills that rose up between the lake and its sister, Waubesa. The earthquake miraculously did little damage in the city of Madison. At Wisconsin High windows were broken and a little plaster fell. During the confusion that resulted all of the portable athletic equipment disappeared, many of the library books were strangely damaged or lost, and a quantity of mimeographed tests and book report questions caught fire in a most peculiar manner in the History and French rooms respectively. But though Wisconsin High School's building came out so unscathed, it, along with the rest of the city appeared doomed to be flooded under many feet of water. Not all of the city would be lost, but the idea of senators and students coming fifteen miles in boats to the second floors of the capitol and Bascom Hall, while on the surface amusing, could not be waved aside lightly.

Lake Monona having boiled partially away in the catclysm, three days remained before the lake would rise above its previous level. A ditch was started immediately at the lowest point in the new hills. It was discovered. though, that to cut through the solid rock would take fully a year. With the choice between abandoning the city and some sort of immediate action, the city fathers reached a decision to turn aside the rising deep by constructing huge dikes. It was a Herculean task but it was the only possible way to save the city.

The huge lake rose slowly but the wall rose little faster because of the gigantic quantities of material needed to cover the miles of shoreline. It appeared to be a winning battle with trains and trucks in a steady stream bringing in tons upon thousands of rock, sand, and rubbish. But, then came a cloudburst, lasting for a day and a half, that washed out the bridges over which the dike materials must come. The city was in grave danger with the waters rising rapidly.

The city went wild with terror. Since no one could leave the doomed town, everybody cleared attics, dug holes in their yards, brought everything they could to put on the walls of safety. After order had been restored by martial law, the wise men of the city appointed a committee, which after careful investigation decided that some building must be destroyed to save the city. A long search was conducted for buildings which were old and either serving no good purpose of doing that very unsatisfactorily. When the committee reconvened it was discovered that the only old building in the city with which the occupants were willing to part was the Wisconsin High School. Action was taken immediately. Pupils were given ten minutes to take whatever they wanted. As a reporter for the school annual I had the privilege of taking the last look into the building.

A few books had been taken from the library, the editor of the Annual had taken a dictionary and a few sets of history books home in a truck, some enterprising person had taken a library table and two chairs home for kindling, Miss Johnson was seen carrying a pile of maps, Mr. Ryan a typewriter and a dictaphone, while Joe Bradley was reported staggering away under the horizontal bar. A few students took laboratory, art, and athletic equipment but the chief impression I gained as I looked down the corridors was of text-books lying scattered, apparently unwanted, throughout the halls, drifted in places knee-high. With all out of the building the mayor asked "Are there any volunteers for lighting the fuse?" The poor dignitary was crushed and killed in the stampede

that followed. A photograph taken at that instant upon minute examination shows by actual count that there were three hundred and fifteen pupils, nineteen teachers, a fascist, and two communists in the stampeding crowd.
One small blast caused the building to collapse and as it fell it pulverized. A few things, like radiators, remained somewhat intact but in general it reduced to a large-grained powder. A fire started in the debris aided by the gasoline from .. so-called auto parked on University Avenue, which was mistaken for a piece of wreckage by a workman and thrown on the center of the pile.
The fire was truly a fortunate thing in that after the school stuff had been put in place on the dike the whole mass congealed and became as rock. A noted geologist when consulted as to the cause of this remarkable phenomenon declared that it was his conviction that the many generations of gum under the seats, desks, and library tables had melted under the heat of the burning wood and book particles, and permeating the mass had glued it solidly together.
And that my children is the thrilling story of how a small group of High-school students by sacrificing its edifice was able to save a beautiful city.

—Farrington Daniels

ANTE MERIDIAN TABLEAU

Blasted out of peaceful oblivion into the cold reality of an open window, ruthlessly torn from quiet slumber to face the cold facts, automatically, with the accuracy of a rifle, an arm shoots from beneath the hummock of blankets, jabs savagely at a metal button, and is drawn in again.
Abruptly deprived of its strident clangor, the room seems to hold its breath. The curtain at the window, blown by the frigid blast, waves in erratic circles over a heatless radiator.
Again the quiet is marred by the spasmodic upheaval of the aforementioned hummock, accompanied by a series of lethargic vocal utterances peculiar to such an action. After a few additional minor tossings, the cause of the disturbance sleepily pokes his head out of the tangle to survey the situation. With one eye half open, he concentrates on the face of the clock and blinks at it for a full minute before his brain can comprehend what he sees. Then, opening his other eye, he proceeds to debate with himself at great length as to whether he should get up or not. Finally, with great determination, the unfortunate begins to elevate himself to a sitting position, but a glance at the cold bare floor and the open window halts the procedure.
Our friend has now succeeded in raising his head and shoulders above the edge of the blankets, and leaning back on his elbows, he yawns very luxuriously. Upon closing his mouth, however, his expression of stupidity changes to one of distaste, and he slowly opens and closes his jaws, making liquid sounds, as if tasting stale soda crackers for the first time.
At last he summons up all his courage, and with a mighty kick, strips himself of all comfort. Swinging to a sitting position, the poor human crouches on the edge of the bed, embracing himself with both arms, and shaking with cold. In desperation he leaps to the window, slams it shut, turns on the heat, and stumbling over chairs and clothes, sprawls headlong into bed, engulfing himself in the eternal hummock.

—Tom Coleman

HOW HEAVEN WAS REFORMED

A heated discussion was going on in the Council of Heaven. Ezra, the newly appointed Secretary of the Interior, had the floor. He finished thus:

"In summing up my speech, I should like to say that it is our duty as representatives of Heaven to see to an inspection of Hades. More and more of our prospective immigrants go there each year. I think, and I think that most of the broad minds present will agree, that some of the responsibility of these people rests on us. This is an enlightened age. Steps must be taken to improve conditions in those lower regions. Therefore, I suggest that an appointed committee make a friendly visit to Hades and bring back a report on the existing conditions there along with suggested means for reformation. Thank you."

Noah jumped up to get the floor but quickly sat down again with a cry of pain. His beard was caught under the foot of his neighbor. After the resulting confusion, he got out what he wanted to say.

"Mr. Chairman," he said addressing speaker Moses, "I should like to ask our young secretary just how often Hell must be inspected. Does he not realize that it was visited less than two thousand years ago? I see no reason why we should waste our funds on such frequent tours."

At this, a storm of debate arose—the younger liberal faction behind Ezra against the old school led by Noah. Moses had a difficult time keeping order. Finally a vote was taken and the liberals won with a narrow majority.

Noah muttered something about young upstarts in their five thousands trying to act important and disgustedly slumped back in his chair.

By the next day, Ezra had appointed the committee of inspection. It was composed of Adam as chairman, the adventurer, Jonah, Daniel the great compromiser, and Paul, the reformer. The Almighty President signed the bill the next day and preparations for the departure were made. Word was sent to Hell of their prospective visit. The committee was given a great send-off with much drinking of nectar. An orchestra led by Gabriel added to the jollity of the occasion. Gabriel and his horn were featured.

The hellevator, the newly invented conveyance to Hades, was decorated with garlands of flowers. It was to be guided by the skillful hands of Manam, a brother of Charon, the ferryman of the Styx. The streamlined hellevator was a great improvement over the old pulley affair which had been used on the few previous trips in the distant past.

Traveling downward at the rate of four hundred miles per hour, it took them six days to reach the warmer climes of Hades. Hell gave them quite as enthusiastic a reception as Heaven had a send-off, which may or may not speak well for the committee.

Satan himself was there to greet them. He was an impressive looking person, full six foot six. His new skin-tight suit, made especially for the occasion, stood out with its intense red color. It set off his powerful muscles too well. Quiet power was written over his visage. He was not a handsome devil. His goat-like ears and horns were very startling to all except Adam, who had been there before. He carried his tail in a graceful arch.

"How blood-shot his eyes are," observed Daniel, trembling in spite of himself.

The Devil bounded up to the committee with powerful strides.

"Welcome to our little commonwealth," he said cordially with a graceful sweep of his tail. "We have been awaiting your arrival with anticipation. You must be hungry after your long journey. Pray join myself and my advisers in a little luncheon."

Satan introduced a group of his advisers, among them the famed Beelzebub, who had a striking resemblance to the Devil. These two apparently had quite an affection for each other.

"Yes sir," said the Devil, "I don't know what we ever would have done without Beelzebub. This would be a-er-*heck* of a place without the unflagging support of this man."

On their way to the dining place, Adam missed the flames and heat which had been present the other time he had been here. Instead, there were large steel affairs with myriads of pipes emerging from them. The temperature was perfect.

"How things have changed just within the last few thousand years," said Adam to the Devil. "Whatever have you done?"

"Oh, it's a long story," answered Satan. "We have steam heat now. We find it much more comfortable than the old open fires."

"It must have been a whale of a project," exclaimed Jonah. "I bet it was a Herculean task."

They were now approaching what looked like an enormous griddle. Great flames were shooting up from the earth, over which was set a large grate, mounted on steel pillars.

"All our cooking is done here," explained Beelzebub. "We kept this section of the fires going for that purpose instead of putting it out, as we did the rest."

Huge pulleys raised and lowered buckets of food on and off the grate. The Devil explained that all the cooking was done mechanically with timing devices. Satan's dining hall was near by for convenience's sake.

All this time, of course, the committee was conscious of many strange things. Adam, particularly, wondered at the great change. When he was here last, everything was dark which was not lit by the flames. Now, it was as light as day, though the glow was more reddish—"Merely to carry on the tradition of Hell," as the Devil explained. The source of light was found to be large neon lamps, hung at frequent intervals on a system of wires hundreds of feet above the ground.

While they were dining, the Devil gave the committee from Heaven much interesting information.

"I really think that we have the pick of the crop from Earth," he said. "A great many scientists come here. Many of them are Atheists."

"You mean to say that Athiests are the pick of the crop? Shocking!" exclaimed Paul.

"For our purpose, of course," said Satan meditatively biting the end of his tail. "If we had a lot of devoted worshippers down here, I fear we would hardly progress at all. New modern devices are being introduced every day to make life comfortable here. We're just one big happy family."

After lunch, Adam suggested that they take their trip over the realm of Hades. Satan acquiesced and offered to accompany them in person.

"I may as well take a little time from my work," said he. "I have all eternity to do it in. I'll leave Beelzebub behind to attend to the affairs of state. Come. We'll take my special airplane."

The committee and Satan reached the airport by taxi and climbed into the plane. In a couple of minutes, they were off.

The scene was the same everywhere. Ideal homes, hundreds of research laboratories, and amusement places dotted the artificially lighted landscape. Great tracts of government owned land were given over to the scientific production of foods.

"Everyone does what he likes best," said the Devil proudly, polishing one of his horns with a pocket handkerchief. "When they get tired of what they're doing, they change to something else."

"My, my," said Paul to himself. "I'd betted not reveal my plan of sending missionaries down to civilize this place."
After a few interesting hours of flying, Adam suggested that they go back to the hellevator, as they must be getting back to heaven. "Manam must be tired waiting," said he.
When they got back, Manam was not to be seen. They finally found him about an hour later enjoying himself in an amusement park. It was with some difficulty that the committee persuaded the pilot to return them to Heaven. He wanted to stay. In their hearts, each one of the committee wanted to stay in Hell, but none of them would admit to the others that he preferred Hell to Heaven.
They said a last farewell to Satan and Beelzebub and sadly left for Heaven. In spite of the celebration greeting them, Heaven seemed a drab place. They went up to the state house to confer with the President and his cabinet, including Ezra.
"What methods of reform would you suggest after your harrowing trip?", asked Ezra.
After some thinking, Adam answered. "There is a great deal to be done in the matter of reforming. I suggest that Heaven be patterned more after Hades."
After the President and cabinet got over the surprise, the suggestion was discussed more deeply and steps were taken to carry Adam's suggestion into effect.
Thus ends the story behind the reformation of Heaven.

—Robert Morse

DARK SILENCE

Bob said, "All right I'll go in first if you're afraid." He jumped and clung to the window sill. We pushed him up.
"I'll see if I can open a door or window for you," he said. Then the dark brooding silence of the house swallowed him.
Minutes passed slowly as Joe and I stood in the shadow of the old, old house. We began to wonder where Bob was, what he was doing. We shouted again and again. The house returned no answer. I watched Joe as he obviously reinforced his courage. At last, he said, "I'll go in and see if something has happened to Bob or whether he's just trying to scare us."
He reached for the sill and I took hold of his feet and pushed him up. He let himself down into the inside of the house . It received him silently.
Time passed and the quiet was unbroken. I wanted to think that they had gotten together and were trying to frighten me. But all I could think of was running away and never coming back. Yet, I couldn't do that. I yelled and screamed their names until my throat was sore. I had to go in.
I pulled myself up and swung down, holding the dusty window ledge. Feeling with my tiptoes, I met something soft and yielding under me. I stepped off onto the floor. As I went down on my knees to see what it was that I felt, something warm and sticky came through my pants knees and made them stick against my skin.
As I lit a match, I saw it. It was a man lying face downwards, his legs contorted in a position they could never have taken in life. Turning him over, I saw his face by the flickering light of my match. It was Bob. I got off my knees. The menacing, brooding silence hung like a pall over the old dark house. I heard a high pitched eerie scream of laughter and I knew why Joe hadn't come out.

—Anonymous

A JOKE

He had always said he was going to be great, and the one beautiful thing in his life was that he always believed it. He never said it boastfully, but casually and matter of factly, as is the way with very young children who never question that anything they declare isn't true. That is why it is too bad that they have to grow up and learn that many things are not as they seemed.

The reflection of this innocence could be found in his clear, calm eyes if one had taken the time to look at them, but no one ever did, for to the streams of humanity which jerked past him each day, he was just one more addition to the ever increasing number of things in our daily life which we look at but do not see. With his tall rounded sign, covered by large white letters spelling a glaring s-t-o-p, he was only as an automatic traffic sign—something to be obeyed, but with impatience.

Sometimes he had dreams, horrible in their realism, in which he purposefully disregarded the warning whistle of the engine and sat securely in his high little watch tower, witnessing the crushing and mangling of human flesh with a sort of fiendish glee. There were other night-mares also, but no less cruel, where he would be standing frozen, powerless to move, in the middle of the tracks while a huge black engine was rushing upon him. This last dream had appeared so often that he had memorized all the details. In vivid hallucinations, he almost felt physically the agony of such a death.

Of this fear had been born and nourished a deep, black, revengeful hate of railroads and the terrifying, ugly, black beasts which swarmed them. One would scarcely have believed a hate of inanimate things to be so violent, but to Wills they were real. Never possessing the faculty of making friends or even enemies, and not even having the desire to do so, he substituted lifeless objects, loving and hating them, even talking to them, but only on paper.

For at night, when off duty, he put all his time and energies into his work. His work—he said the two words reverently and caressingly. Night after night, in the ill-lighted, dreary shack the railroad company provided for him, he would feverishly scratch out his ideas. And day after day between trains, he would climb the wobbly wooden steps leading to his watch tower, and sit pensively on his high stool, dreaming. Dreaming of the day he would be great, of the day when he could leave this miserable, dreadful existence and go to some place where there would be green grass, and trees, and cool breezes, and peace. For as fiercely did he loathe his present life, as passionately did he love the idea of his future fame. It had come to be an obsession and he desired it not for the worldly profits it would bring, but because it was the thing he had been longing for and striving towards ever since he could remember. It had become the only reason he could find for living. Never having known happiness, he was ignorant as to what would bring it, but sincerely believed that were his ambition for fame realized, he would be content.

Wills had more time to dream now, because his work had been completed a few weeks before and been sent to the Script for publication. Not once had he even doubted that it would be accepted. His infinite faith in himself was so lasting as to be pathetic, but so strong as to be admirable. Pleasant dreams he was having now. Reading visionary newspaper articles to himself was one of his favorite pastimes. For although possessing a brilliant mind, the part of

his nature that was child, made him receive the greatest joy from the smallest happenings. "Wills Brady, Famed Author To Write New Book," was the headline of one column.

"Well, well, here's 'Willie the Great' dreaming again." These words from O'Connell, the rather crude fellow relieving him for the night, shattered his reveries. But Wills didn't even mind O'Connell tonight, and shuffled off down the tracks to his smoky little shack, which looked as if it would surely tumble over if it leaned back much further.

Big, blustering O'Connell loved jokes at the expense of somebody else's misfortune or embarrassment. Tonight was Saturday night and he had been "celebrating" of course, but hadn't yet reached the stage where he couldn't think. So, he began looking for Shimmy, his pal. The two of them sat up in the watch tower for quite awhile.

"You know Shimmy, I got Willie the Great all figured out. You know you found out that he'sh been writing shum kind of a book? Well, I jesh found out that he'sh mailed it away to shum magashine company. Thinksh he, they'll write it in there for him. Here, here, I got shum left."

Jimmy had now reached the point where he thought O'Connell, "a darn good shcout."

"Shure O'Connell, shure, I shee."

"Well then, Shimmy my pal, what shay to havin' jesh a lil' fun with ole' Willie? We'll write up a kind of a letter shayin' that he'sh a no good writer and that he'll never amount to nothin'. That'll get ole' Willie, don't ya think sho—huh, Shimmy?"

Then after roaring with laughter over their own cleverness, and slapping each other on the back for being a "sholly good fellow," they proceeded to "write up" the letter. In their rough, illiterate language, it could hardly be mistaken for a letter from the literary Script magazine. Reading the badly spelled words and extremely poor usage of grammar, one couldn't even imagine an editor as having composed it.

But Wills didn't think of those things. Never a practical man, and living always and only for this one hope of his, the only thing that stuck in his numbed brain was the cruel sentence that he was no good. He was a failure. His life had been a failure. He would never be great. People would never read about him in the newspapers. With a dull and dazed brain in a body cold, as if lifeless, his feet shuffled along and dragged him down the tracks he so hated. The only thing bright and beautiful in his life had been ruthlessly torn from him, leaving a drab, hollow emptiness. The old dreams and visions started coming back now, and Wills clutched wildly at the air, groping for something not there, something to rescue him from the horrible thing, smoking and roaring towards him.

On this horrible thing was a mail bag containing a letter to Mr. Wills Brady, from the editor of Script's magazine. It wasn't a refusal either, but something very opposite. If Wills could have seen it, it might have brought a little happiness to a life solitary and lonely.

A careful observer or thorough reader might have noticed an obscure item in the corner of a large daily newspaper:

Flagman Wills Brady killed on r.r. tracks at 10:30 p.m. No inquest will be held.

—Eleanor Ramsdell

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Dear Dave:

School is going reasonably well here. With one exception, all my classes are really quite interesting and well taught. This one of which I speak has made a poor start by taking us on a series of trips to discover, if possible, some of Madison's sources of information. So far we have made three trips. On the first, the dim, musty atmosphere of the library made us all feel very literary while a weak gentleman with a goatee gave us a fascinating oration. His thin voice trailed on monotonously till it seemed very far away, and finally it stopped. I was vaguely glad. Suddenly I was aroused by a hoarse whisper in my ear saying: "Let's scram." "'Fraid there's not much chance," I answered, and noticing that the voice was still drawling along, I dropped off again. Luckily, the goateed gent gave us some papers that briefly described his talk; otherwise I would certainly fall down in the test that is to come. The following trip was also to the library. On this occasion, "Goatee" took us thru an endless maze of backrooms. Again he gave us a brilliant lecture on what we were viewing and again I wished I were home in bed. We ended up in a room where a queer female talked to us and showed us some manuscripts. She had an annoying habit of talking along in a monotone, then thoughtlessly startling us by speaking very fast, and finally lapsing once more into her monotone. She brought out some autographed letters. I gazed with sparkling eyes on the signature of Daniel Boone. Ah! This was followed by Button Guinnett's priced at a small fortune. I was enravished. Button Guinnett, think of it! The queer female kept me in ecstasies with the autographs of several other celebrities, whom I've forgotten, and it was with a feeling of sadness that I turned my sleepy tread toward the high school. To add to my troubles, I was on the committee that had charge of all this and we had to take detailed notes and write questions on what happened. This we did afterwards, by reading the said papers, I assure you.

On the last trip the snappy fresh air of the capitol put a new zest in life during the time that a large, smooth-shaven man told us what this building has to offer. The speaker was better than the first two had been, but even he did little toward enhancing a rather drab subject. The outstanding advantage of this lecture was that we all sat around a large table in wondrously soft, easy chairs. I can now understand why there are so many politicians.

The hygienic aspects of these tours are remarkable. Ceaseless walking and standing is known to be of value to the calves of the legs and for building up one's endurance. I have no doubt that those among us who are on the football squad profited greatly by this. Then too, the rushing to a distant part of the city immediately after lunch is said to aid digestion.

You can gather from my remarks how much I enjoyed these trips. And to my dying day I shall say to myself: "Thank God some teacher had the foresight to point out to me Madison's obscure sources of information."

—Joe Bradley

TWO MURDERS

I had been invited to dinner by my friend, Mr. Richard Winslow, who lived alone with a butler and cook in a large house situated in Queensvillage.

On this particular night, we sat at the long table in the spacious dining room. Winslow was relating to me one of his experiences in the Great war while he was serving in France as a lieutenant. As near as I can recall it, this is a fair account of the story as it was told to me. It follows in Winslow's own words:

"Well, it was almost one A.M. and the two of us stood on the firing step of the trench, this other fellow, and me. We were waiting for one o'clock. Waiting to slip over the top, crawl through our wire, and start out on a two-man wire-cutting patrol into no-man's land.

I knew this other fellow slightly, Craig, I think his name was. He had come up to our division only two days before. Now, as he stood there beside me, he seemed very nervous. Kept shifting about and glancing at his watch frequently. As I studied his features in the half-light, I thought I detected a flicker of fear in his eyes as he stared out over the parapet.

After what seemed an hour of waiting, the hands of my watch pointed to one A.M. I turned to Craig and whispered, 'Let's go.' In silence we crawled up and out, Craig in the rear, squirmed through the pass in the wire, and dragged ourselves out across the shell-torn earth.

I could tell by Craig's actions that he was scared sick and would have given anything to be back in the trenches. The farther we advanced in the gloomy silence, the more panic stricken he became. Finally he stopped crawling, and with fear in his voice, absolutely refused to go any farther. Angrily I turned on him and commanded him to come ahead. At this Craig broke down and started weeping hysterically about death and guns. Cursing myself for bringing such a new man, and a coward at that, and realizing that any further disturbance would draw enemy fire, I drew my trench knife and brought the handle down on Craig's skull, intending to quiet him. Upon examination, I was stunned to find that the blow had apparently been fatal. Acting on impulse, I hastily buried the body, without ceremony, in a shallow shell-hole. I then cautiously made my way back to our own trenches, and gave a report to the officer on watch that I had become separated from my companion, and after several attempts to find him, I had returned to the trenches." "You may think this a confession of guilt," Winslow said, when he had finished, "or you may think the story false, but no one knows the truth except you and me."

After dinner, Winslow took me to his room and showed me the trench knife he had used. I might mention that I was Winslow's very best friend, and that he had implicit faith in my integrity.

At about ten o'clock I left for home and went to bed. At one-thirty A.M. the next morning I was awakened by the insistent ringing of the telephone at my bedside. A voice at the other end of the wire informed me that he was the Queens Village Chief of Police. "I'm talking from Mr. Richard Winslow's home," he said. "The butler told me to notify you that Mr. Winslow was murdered in his bed a little after one this morning." Somehow I managed to ask who and how. The reply numbed my senses. Faintly I heard the voice say, "He was killed by a blow on the head with a funny looking knife which was hanging in his room. The butler shot and killed the murderer as he fled; we found some papers on him which identify him as a man named Craig—."

—Tom Coleman

THE HAWK OF MERCY

As the taxi rattled along over Quebec's cobbled pavements the lone passenger seemed utterly oblivious to the quaint surroundings. He seemed engrossed in his own thoughts and when the cab rolled to a stop the driver had to say, "Here we are, Sir" twice before a noticeable reaction was received.

"Yes, yes, of course." The man grinned sheepishly. "I'm sorry, I didn't hear how much the fare is."

The driver enlightened him and he paid and got out. Before him lay the Quebec Airport; a long, broad field, flanked on two sides with low, grey hangers, one of which the man approached.

"I'm Doctor Kline," he said to a mechanic, "I have a plane—"

"Yes Sir, Colonel," the mechanic cut in, "It's over in hangar twelve."

The doctor stiffened. Why did men insist upon calling him "Colonel?" True, he had been a colonel, but now, now he was a doctor. He had worked six years since the war to get his M.D. degree and he had gotten his commission in the army merely by family influences. During the war he had taken great pride in shooting down men. He had enjoyed seeing them plunge to the earth in flaming planes and he had revelled in their death screams. But now,—now it was his duty to save lives, not to destroy them. He joyed in relieving agony, not in inflicting it. Well—fifteen years could change any man. As the famous Colonel Kline he had been a youth of twenty years; the youngest ace in the allied army. His twenty-six victories had made him famous, now he was ashamed. Ashamed to have this slaughter flaunted in his face.

He turned on his heel and entered the specified hangar. Before him stood a black, sleek, open biplane, on the side of which was painted a white cross. It looked much like the planes which he had shot down during the war—but these crosses—not death but mercy. The placard under the rim of the pilot's cockpit said, "John Kline—M.D."

This was his new hawk! His hawk of two tons of steel and aluminum. A formidable weapon, but no longer of destruction. He ordered it rolled out and the engine started, while he took out a map and began to plot a course up to his home near a small northern town. It was undoubtedly most desirable to follow the mapped airways course, which ran within two hundred miles of his own home. When he reached a lake known as Lake La Poudre, he would head northwest and with his earth inductor compass set to a course north-northwest of the lake he would hit his own pasture exactly.

After checking his gasoline, oil and medical supplies he headed off into the snowy sky, feeling strangely exhilarated and grateful that at last he was flying for life instead of death. The motor roared with a reassuring sound and seemed to voice its challenge to all the powers of illness and death.

On through the afternoon he sailed, feeling very much alone and catching himself mechanically looking for hostile aircraft. There were, of course, no enemy planes, but the clouds to the north looked gloomy and ominous as if they resented the intrusion of this messenger of mercy. The deathly stillness was broken only by the steady throb of the two hundred and fifty harnessed horses pulling the "Hawk" on through the coming gloom.

Suddenly bits of sleet began to sting his face as they hit the slipstream of the whirling propeller. His windshield and goggles became coated with the frozen fog and he was scarcely able to see his instruments. He descended to five hundred feet and was able to see the ground although the air was rapidly becoming rough and he was having great difficulty keeping the ship on an even keel. The pitching of the plane brought back memories of the turbulent, war-torn skies which were agitated into a state like this by the explosions of anti-aircraft shells.

As he glanced below he was surprised to see what looked like a wrecked plane. He circled about and made out the form of a large transport plane which had evidently gotten off its course and had crashed for some unknown reason. A person was standing by the wreck signalling a desperate message to him. He showed that he saw them by zooming over them and wagging his wings.

The man on the ground began signalling his pathetic message in Morse Code by signalling with two small flags.

HELP—CRASHED MONDAY—CO PILOT INJURED—PASSENGERS SICK—ALMOST STARVED AND FROZEN—HELP.

In his mind's eye he could see the picture. Off the course, out of gas, a forced landing in the dark—the Mercy Hawk was finding her prey soon.

He saw also another picture. He saw himself, during the war. Crashed in German territory and wounded badly, signalling to his pal, "Go back, Sam, save yourself." He saw Sam landing in the shell-torn pasture and the pitying eyes of his friend contradicting his lips which said, "You crazy fool, you're in for it now." And then he saw the take-off, an over loaded plane, enemy infantry, and hostile pursuit planes trying to shoot them down again.

He did not hesitate; he looked over the ground and almost saw his buddy there. There were no enemies this time but the elements. They were his foes, trying to force him into a crash—well, he'd show 'em.

He knew the impossibility of landing there, for it was a rocky, hilly region from which no plane would ever ascend. He eased back on the stick and set the plane, with its precious cargo, as close to the wreck as he dared. He hit the ground at eighty miles an hour and nosed over in a sickening lurch. All went black. Sam, who by chance or by God's will was the pilot of the other plane, rushed to the cockpit and dragged John out. John opened his eyes, saw Sam, and tried to speak.

"Well, Sam, the old bird only took one flight of mercy but thank God I—" His voice trailed off into a choking sob.
"John! John!" Sam shook him but John had taken off for his last flight; a flight through peaceful skies in the "Hawk of Mercy" to the last great Happy Landing on a field where mercy is at home and heroes are welcome.
When Sam got his people back to Quebec safely, by the help of John's radio and the Hawk's medicine, he saw to it that a memorial was erected to:
"John C. Kline, M.D. A flier of death who was transformed to an angel of mercy by his conscience and peace."

—Frederick D. Butler, Jr.

Junior

AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

I asked my best girl for a date a whole week in advance;
We would take in a picture show, perhaps attend a dance.
Without the least sign of regret she coldly said, "I fear
I shan't be free that night for Nelson Eddy will be here."
"That sissy with the marcelled hair?" I cried out in surprise.
"How dare you! His hair marcelled? That's just a pack of lies!"
"You want to hear a third-rate tenor?" I gave a little moan.
"And don't call him a tenor when he's a baritone!"
"But aren't you needlessly upset and just a little heady?"
"Insult me all you please, but understand, I must see Nelson Eddy."
"Oh, very well, I'll take you." I was a little hurt;
Instead of being grateful, she said, a trifle curt—
"The concert starts at eight-fifteen, so call for me at seven.
Oh, think of really seeing him. It will be just like heaven!
We just must be there early so we will be all ready
To give a cheer when he arrives—to welcome Nelson Eddy.
I just can't wait till Wednesday. It seems like years and years
That I've been waiting for this day, and as it slowly nears—
I somehow can't believe it's true that he is really coming."
She shut her eyes and clasped her hands. I heard her softly humming
A hit song from his latest show. It made me sort of wonder
What he had that I hadn't, and if I couldn't steal his thunder.
I burst out into wondrous song, she froze with a glance,
And shattered all happy dreams of happy bright romance.
Oh, why is it that women who are usually sane and steady
Should become stark raving mad at thought of Nelson Eddy?

—Rosemary Frank

MACBETH AS A FOOTBALL COACH

SCENE V. Steven's Field. The bench. Enter, with sweaters and coats, Macbeth, the coach, Seyton, the manager, and the team.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
And shout, "Oh, fight, team, fight!" Our clever boys
Will laugh that team to scorn: here let them try
To do their worst and beat the Badger Preps.
Had they not won o'er those who tied with us
We might have met them boastful, man to man,
(A cry without)
And kept them from our goal. What is that noise?
Scy. It is the groans of watchers, my good sir.
Macb. That wail, say, wherefore was that wail?
Scy. A touchdown has been made.
Macb. It should have been next week,
That would have been the time for such a thing;
The next week, or the next week, or the next,
Or any other time that creeps this way
Upon the record of the calendar.
Oh, all that bunch of boys are blighted fools
On the way to fearful loss.—Put out that boy,
He's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the field,
And then he plays no more. This game's a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
But scoring nothing.
(Enter the timekeeper)
Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.
Timek. Gracious my coach,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Timek. As I did stand with my watch upon the line
I looked toward the play, and anon, methought,
A first down was made.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Timek. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so.
Within this time-out period may you prove it;
I say, a first down.
Macb. If thou speaks't false,
Upon the next tree can'st thou go hang,
And welcome, too; but, if thy speech be true
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
Yet now I start to tremble; I begin
To find that old prediction coming true;
It spoke the truth: "Lose not, till Watertown
Do come to Steven's Field."—and now that team
Has come to Steven's Field. Oh, fight, team, fight!
If that another touchdown does appear,
There is no going home with any cheer.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the score
And wish the team of time had more.—
Ring the cow-bell!—Fight, team!—Cheer crowd!
At least we'll lose with reason to be proud. (Exeunt)

—Florence Daniels

STUDY OF WOMAN AT TELEPHONE

Operator, Operator, give me Oakwood 735. Hello! Is that you Bessie? No, dearie, this is me, Marg. Say, did you see this morning's paper? You didn't? Gosh, you ought to see the front page! The Bonington-Jones were divorced in Reno yesterday! Yeah, really! Who would have thought it? But, you know, it's been said that he's been paying a lot of attention to that cute little widow out at the country club! Yes, he used to tell his wife that he had to go out on business and then he would go and dance with his little widow for half the night. I guess his wife must have caught on. She claimed cruelty and desertion, and he said she had a horrible temper. I don't blame the poor dear. Now, for goodness sakes, don't breathe a word of that. I don't want my name mixed up with such scandal. I simply loathe gossip.

You know, my dear, I've been having a terrible time with maids. I get a new one nearly every week. I can't understand them. I simply can't! I'm always catching them gossiping over the phone, and you know, my dear, that I can't stand people who gossip. We haven't had a maid for several days, so Tom's been getting his own breakfasts. I don't get up until ten.

Were you at the style show yesterday? Oh, that's too bad. I saw some darling little chiffon evening gowns, and I went in this morning to try some on and they had none my size and the skinny, impudent, sales girl took me to the room where they have those awful "stouts." I tell you what! I gave that girl a piece of my mind! The idea of insulting me because I'm slightly plump! You know, just "pleasingly plump" as they say. I'm on a new diet now. Did I tell you? Well, I hardly had any breakfast this morning. All I had was two poached eggs, three plain rolls, one cup of coffee with no sugar, and a banana, and I'm nearly starved now.

Oh, listen dearie. I almost forgot to tell you that new couple next door came in at one o'clock last night. Isn't that terrible? What is the younger generation coming to?

That beastly little dog of their's got into our garbage can this morning and I had to chase it away with a broom.

And, oh, my dear, here is news! Betty Jane and I had permanents together yesterday. I think mine's lovely but—don't you dare tell Betty Jane this—but I think her's looks like one of these old fashioned mops after it has been shaken out the window.

Did you say something?—Oh! You have a cake in the oven and you have to take it out.—Okay Bessie. I'll come over later and we'll have a real chat.

—Beatrice Gillen

A PARODY ON HAMLET

To skip or not to skip—that is the question.
Whether it is wiser to sit and grind under the supposed
Stagnant atmosphere of the study-hall,
Watched by the eagle eye of one worthy of the names we
sometimes call her,
Or to succumb to the lure of spring, and saunter forth
into the open spaces.

To play—to walk—no more,
And by such walks to say we sever the chords of servi-
tude that the school would impose upon us.
To walk; perchance to see a show,
Aye, there's the rub,
For in partaking of such earthly pleasures,
Who knows whom you will sit beside, when you have paid
Two bits and cannot well retreat.
There's the respect that makes calamity of such ventures.

But who would not bear the consequence nor feel the moment
lost,
To see such worthy artists of our time as Clarkus Gable
or great Arliss.
Who would not willingly bear the punishments inflicted
by the powers that be
To gaze into the starry orbs of Loy,
Or twinkling feet of Fred Astaire to see.

Thus conscience may make cowards of us all,
For on the morrow when the secretary takes our toll,
At times we may question the wiseness of our move,
When after school in study hall we sit
And hear the whips and scorns of mentor's lip
That makes us loath to bear the ills we have
Describing that same show o'er which we all did rave
While we might be cruising 'round in Fords
Or enjoy doing other things of sorts.

Soft you now, fair teacher, be all my sins forgiven.

—Bill Gross—'36

HOME SWEET HOME

Well here we are at Hollywood. I hope there aren't a lot of people. I don't like to dance when there is a big crowd. Where do you want to sit? You want to sit in the corner? I don't. I want to sit near the dance floor. I like to watch other people dance. I just love to, don't you? No, of course you wouldn't. Yes, please, a table for two near the dance floor. This will be fine. Thank you. My, Fred, did you ever see so many people? I never did. Look over there. Mable and Bill. Hello Mable. How are you? That's fine. Nice crowd don't you think? I think Mable is very cute. Don't you think so too, Fred? Well why don't you listen to what I say, then maybe you would be able to answer me? No, I won't repeat what I said. If you didn't hear it is your own fault. But will you please listen next time. No, I don't want to dance, just for spite. You make me so tired. I have just as much right to talk as anyone else. You say I talk too much? I'd much rather talk too much than not at all like you. You ought to be glad I don't talk as much as Jean. She never stops. Come on and dance, I don't want to sit and argue with you all night. I came out here to have a good time and I'm not having one. You aren't too tired to dance. I never saw so many people on one dance floor in my life. Don't bump me into everyone on the floor. Ouch! Someone dug her heel into me . . . No that is perfectly all right. No you didn't hurt me . . . . That was at least nice of her to apologize. See that big fat man behind you? Don't look around now. Anyway don't you dare bump me into him. Watch out, he is coming this way! O-O-O-O! You-sure-made-me bump into him hard! I had some of my wind knocked out of me. I wish people would watch where they are going. Er-r nice weather we are having, don't you think so Fred? E-E-E-! There goes someone else bumping into me. Thank goodness the music is finished. I never had such a dance in my life. Gee, it feels good to sit down. Please buy me something to cool me off. I'm so tired and hot. Well what if it was my idea to dance? You asked me before, didn't you? Fred, you . . . didn't . . . by . . . chance run over a black cat tonight before you came to get me, did you? I'm having awful luck. Where that blonde girl dug her heel into me I have a nice big run in my stocking. They are a brand new pair that I bought this afternoon. Just think, I paid $1.50 for them. The girl from whom I bought them said that they wouldn't run. I'm going to take them back the first thing in the morning. No you aren't going to play the pinball machine! You lose your money every time. I have never seen you win. You say you will only play one game? That is just what you say every time. Then you keep on playing and playing until all your money is gone. No I'd much rather try to dance than watch you lose all your money. I don't care if you want to dance or not. Fred, you are positively exasperating. All you do is bump me into people. I won't stand for it any longer. I am so sore now that I will be stiff tomorrow. I want to be taken home this very minute. Now don't argue with me. I said that I want to be taken home and I mean it!

—Esther Marsh

Sophomore

CROSS COUNTRY

The wind screeched shrilly, relentlessly in its fury, white with the stinging snow. It gathered force and power as it raged across the vast, open expanse which had been a blue lake, and it struck us with its full ferocity as we stood on the exposed summit of the land rising from the ice-and-snow covered area below. The trail which led down from our high position wound precariously among the leafless, desolate trees, and seemed an answer to our search for a thrill.

I leaned on my ski poles and gazed anxiously downward. The cold was penetrating, already numbing the tips of my fingers and sending the chills scurrying down my spine. I shuddered! As there was no necessity for a longer hesitation, I slid my skiis back and forth several times to loosen them from the swiftly falling snow, peered down the path once more, and then gingerly pushed off.

The soft, freshly fallen white flakes at first retarded my speed, but I gradually gained momentum. It was almost too late when I noticed the abrupt drop over the side of the path, and only at the last instant was I able to swerve to the left and avoid a dangerous experience. By this time I was shooting down the trail, flying into the air as I hit the bumps. The wind whistled in my ears and blew the stinging snow into my eyes until I could not see even the dark trees which flashed by on both sides. A sinking feeling came into my stomach as I felt the side of my right ski scrape against a hidden rock which then threw me to the left, where I miraculously missed a snow-covered stump. I careened wildly for several moments, endeavoring to steady myself, not daring to think of what would happen if I fell. My companions, speeding down the trail after me, would crash into me before I could get out of the way, and serious injuries to all of us would possibly result. And always, numbing my body and my mind, was the bitter, raging, howling wind, hurling the biting snow into my face. Eventually, I regained my balance and flew, with greater rapidity, down, down, between the trees, always fearing the invisible rocks, stumps, and logs which obstructed the pathway and threatened to upset me. And then the ground was leveling, my speed was slackening, and finally I coasted out onto the road which led along the lake shore.

As I slid to a standstill, I noticed my friends appearing from among the trees, first one, and then the other, swerving to a stop at my side. Down here, it was more calm and not so bitterly cold, and we stood quietly a few minutes to recuperate from our strenuous slide. Then we cheerfully put forth our efforts and commenced to slip and stumble up the next icy hill, only our poles keeping us from an ignominious slide down again. As we approached the peak, the wind whistled more sharply, and blew coldly through my insufficient clothes. Again we stood on the summit of a hill, receiving the full blast from the raging north wind as it swept across the lake. And once more I took a deep breath and plunged down the trail which led dangerously among the forbidding trees.

—Mary Marks

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

A swanky roadster noisily came to a stop before a very formidable looking sorority house. An immaculately clad figure in a Palm Beach suit hopped out of the car and helped his organdie clad companion descend.

"Oh George, I've simply had a gorgeous time. The moon was so lovely and the-a-"

"The punch was delicious and the orchestra so hot."

"Quite right. My but you're briliant, George. What's that?"

"That, my dear, is a species of nautical ladder, especially designed to return little socialities to their mamas," he replied as he pulled a rope ladder out of the rumble seat. He silently guided his companion into the shadow of the building.

"Now, which is your room?"

"Aa-, third from the right. At least, I think so. Yes, that's right. Second story."

Well, here goes," he remarked as he precariously scaled an extremely decrepit trellis and George—shattered the silence.

"My leg—me—my Palm Beach suit!"

The ambitious Romeo lay prostrate on the ground fervently clutching a section of treasured trellis. George indignantly rose from this unceremonious position.

"Just look at me. I might as well make the cleaners an endowment and be done with."

And, heeding to the call of Mademoiselle's blue eyes rather than Fate's heedful warning, he again mounted. He reached the third window and glanced in. A playful moonbeam flickered across a face enhanced by myriad hair curlers. What a sour note that was! Down went the ladder and immediately afterwards, George. He hit the ground with a thud, his knees knocking, almost audibly. George was slightly jittery by this time.

"Why, I'm sorry George. I'm afraid you got the wrong window."

"I'm afraid I did too. Say, Dot, which is your room?"

"Well, I just can't seem to remember. Oh, I know. It's the fifth one. Or is it the fourth? Oh yes, George, it is the fifth."

"Here goes. You know—'If at first you don't succeed, try and try again.' I've got that down pat."

And again George ascended the rickety road to romance. Poor fellow, he was just learning how rickety it was. Yes, that did look like Dot's room. The window was already opened for him. He quietly placed the ladder inside and then followed suit. He fastened the ladder and hastily descended, dimly remembering some saying about "Enough is enough" or "Once is too much." At least it had something to do with the hours he kept and his allowance.

"But how am I to get up?"

"Just like this." He put his arm around her and raised her up.

"Oh George, what if the ladder should break?"

"Oh well, we would break with it and never know the difference." He helped her through the window.

"Now, when I get down, unfasten the ladder and throw it as far from the wall as you can. Next time we had better come a little earlier, don't you think? Good morning, Dot."

"Good morning, George."

And four hours later, the earth was basking in the rays of the morning sun.

—Sylvia Jackson

Freshman

A LOOK AT SPRING

I walked outside and felt the breeze
And saw the new buds on the trees.
I watched the birds and heard them sing
And thought at last it must be spring.

I went toward the lake and a sight met my eyes,
That led me to wonder and gave me surprise.
The whitecaps were rolling as never before,
For the ice was now piled high on the shore.

I turned from the lake and went toward the road.
I crossed the backyard on the lawn newly mowed
And then passed the orchard with blossoms so gay,
Enjoying the sunshine this morning in May.

Next to the barn my wandering led me.
Spring was there also I plainly could see.
The duck and her duckling, the cow and her calf
Were running ahead of me on the soft path.

I started for home while the sun was still high
And spotted some geese flying up in the sky.
The south was warm so they took to the wing.
To me this is proof. I'm convinced it is spring.

—John O'Connell

SECOND BREAKFAST

(A pupil's conception of Miss Springhorn)
"Okay Freshmen, let's go! What are we having for breakfast this morning, George? Oh yes, linking verbs. What page are they on? 301? I guess you're right. What are linking verbs, class? Well you seem to know your old friends.
"What page is the grapefruit on? Oh yes, 302. Predicate nouns, Midge, what do you know about predicate nouns?
"By the way Paul, you'd better have your father help you fix that cold car. You have a bushel of make-up work to do. Yes, in fact, several bushels.
"Midge, what are predicate nouns? Mmmmm. Ann will you explain nouns to Midge?
"Now for breakfast food. Let's see, that will be direct objects. Marilyn, will you diagram this sentence on the board? "I hit the ball." What is the direct object? Ball, that's correct.
"Well, we're having indirect objects for dessert. Jane, what have you learned about indirect objects? You don't know? Jane, did you get through eighth grade last year? You did? I can't believe it.
"By the way, Freshmen, been reading any books lately? College Seniors, can you believe it? My freshmen read a book a week. Yes sir, they don't only read them, but they write and give reports on them. They have to have proof. No one will believe you when you when you say 'I read so and so.' But if you have proof for them, they have to believe it. I . . . There goes the bell. Book reports tomorrow. Miss Becker will be our guardian angel." Bye Frosh.

—Mary Ellen Steinhauer

THE EVENING RADIO PROGRAM

Every night after supper I do, or try to do, my reading. Whether I do it or not this story will decide.
I get my French out and try to concentrate. I have just started "Around the World in Eighty Days" by Jules Verne in French. I start to read. On goes the radio.
"Buck Rogers in the twenty-fifth century . . . and you can be big and strong just like Buck Rogers if you drink Cocomalt every day. He says so himself."
"Oh dear," I say to myself. "I suppose I'll just have to stand it." I try so hard to read. "Il est undes . . .
"Quick, turn on the disentegrator! Harder! Harder! No use. I guess nothing will budge that wall we're against." . . .les autre membres du . . . . .
"Doctor, we're in about as hopeless a fix as we've ever been in" . . . .
"Well, that's over with, *now* to do some reading."
"This is the Horlick's Malted Milk program. If you drink Horlicks every day you will get big and strong just like Dick Huddlestone."
"Good-night. Another one. Goodbye French."
"Well Abner it's just an old Ed'ards saying. He seen the handwriting on the wall."
"Where? I don't see none."
"You idjit! There ain't none! That's just a saying."
"Wal anyways". . . .
"le tour du monde en . . . . .
"No! No! Abner! If you say another word I'll whop you one." . . .
"That's over with. *Now* I can read some French". . . . .
"Hello everyone. This is Boake Carter speaking. Well, we see that Ethopia has won a battle."
I begin to lose patience . . . *"en quatre vingt jours. Il* . . .
"and while the Italians are sitting around their fires laughing the Ethiopians are preparing, quietly preparing." . . . .
I feel very much like screaming and I have a strange and savage impulse to throw the radio out of a window. I say something between my teeth. Never mind what! I stand up and say or rather yell.
"I can't read a thing with that darn radio on," and go out to the kitchen to get something to eat.

—Louise Bradley

SPRING FEVER

Spring while in school is a terrible bore.
I slouch in my seat and I let my thoughts soar—
Soar to delightful and nice springy things,
Like frogs in the mud and sparkling clear springs.

A monotonous voice like the drone of a bee
Rises and falls making no sense to me.
On a day such as this my mind is a blank.
Nothing will sink 'cause I ne'er made it sank.

I wonder now, is she talking to me?
Should I take all the effort to wake up and see?
Those looks and remarks, they can't be for me.
Oh well, who should care if by chance they should be.

—Ann Jackson

Eighth Grade

NICE RACE

We were in the third lap of the race. The main boom swung around and knocked one of the sailors off the boat and into the water. We had to turn around and pick him up. When we got him back on deck we found that he had an arm missing. He didn't mind so much. He told us that a tiger shark had taken his arm but didn't like it. He was going to get it back but had to come up for air and when he came up we pulled him on board. He jumped back and recovered his arm. We caught a fish, made some fish glue out of it and glued his arm back in place. While we were doing all this other boats were passing us. We turned around and continued in the race. The boat ahead of us lost its mast and it fell in front of us. We were headed straight for it. A whale happened to come along and seeing our plight, swam under our boat, turned on his spray and lifted our boat over the mast. We landed over the finish line and won the race.

—Osmon Fox

CHOCOLATE CAKE FANTASY

I wished I could have one piece of chocolate cake. All at once, I found myself surrounded by cake. I started to dig, squish, and squash cake. I dug and dug with my mouth. All at once, an enormous raisin loomed up in my way. It blocked my path, so I had to dig around it. One hour later, after I had eaten around the raisin, I came to some frosting.
"Oh," I said, "this must be the outside."

But to my disappointment, it was only a layer between two pieces. I started climbing. Just then, I saw a big worm drilling toward me. I looked around for something to hide behind. Ah, I spied a pecan. I quickly jumped behind it so the worm wouldn't see me. "Zzzzzzz," the nose of the worm came drilling through the pecan. I turned and dug for my life, but I soon ran into some dough, not perfectly done. There I stuck. And all the time, I could hear the worm slowly making his way toward me. I struggled harder and harder and finally pulled myself out. At once, I started digging. I came to the crust, but I was going too fast to stop. I fell out of the side of the cake and landed on the floor with a thump.

—Foster Larson

AH FOR A WISHING RING

I get into bed. It is eight o'clock. I feel it's very foolish to retire so early, but mother feels differently. I get under the covers and roll over. Ah, sweet essence of bed covers. Then all of a sudden, I am surprisd by a small child sitting on my toe.

Soon, she gets off. She skips up to me and drops a small package in front of my face. I am excited. In it is a ring—a golden ring.

"Glory be!" I think. "At last I have a wishing ring."

On it, I read the following: "Fit ring tightly on finger, turn around twice, close eyes, and wish. Your wish will come true within five minutes."

I am thrilled. It is all too good to be true. I slip the ring on my finger. I can hardly wait.

I hold my breath and say, "I wish I were sitting on a beautiful black horse with an adorable black riding outfit on and winning the Grand National."

I wait and nothing happens. Then, out of a clear sky, I find myself on a horse with an adorable outfit on winning the Grand National. I receive much praise and money and then decide I have had enough.

Again I turn the ring and this time I say, "I wish our whole family was in a beautiful castle of gold with all the horses we wanted, lovely clothes, and delicious foods." In a few minutes, my wish is granted and I find myself sitting on a golden couch covered with soft satin. There is a golden harp in one corner and two grand pianos in another. Opening out from this large, beautiful room, is a sun porch filled with beautiful birds. It is filled with lovely fruit of all kinds. I eat my fill and continue on. In the next room, I find all kinds of delicious vegetables and meat. I eat some and pass on into the adjoining chamber. There, I see beverages. Ah, glory, what bliss! I drink a lot and go into the dessert room. Here is the best yet. Strawberry shortcake, covered with whipped cream, lovely cakes and cookies, and many other such delicious things are scattered about the room. At last I have had enough, so I go to the stairs so that I may retire. However, I cannot find the stairs. Dejected, I sit down in a small chair I find in the hallway. To my surprise, I find the chair lifting me up. It takes me to a bed of silver and I jump in. I dream of getting a wishing ring and getting a horse. I dream of winning the Grand National, living in a beautiful house and having beautiful clothes and food.

"How funny," I think. "Just exactly what I have really done."

Then I wake up. But I don't awaken in a satin covered bed. I awaken in my old bed. Where is all that lovely food? Where are the birds? Where-where? Gee, it's just a dream. All those lovely visions just fleeting glimpses. Oh, for a wishing ring. How I wish it was really true. But dreams are dreams and I have had mine.

—Patricia Salter

Seventh Grade

EVENING AT OUR CABIN

The hoot-owl's ominous shivery sound
And the crickets chirp from the cool green ground
The whip-poor-will's soft soothing cry
And the night-hawk's call up in the sky
The continous belching croak of the frogs
Floating up from the water-soaked logs
The wind whispering stories among the pine tops
While in the cabin the fire crackles and pops
The full moon shivering through the frosty cloud
And the bobcat's cry so astonishingly loud
An occasional car with its two shafts of light
With engines roaring and shattering the night
Disappears with its piercing roar
And the noises continue on as before
This is a typical night of the North.

—Jack Marks.

Annual Contest Winners

SONNET ON MY DUMBNESS

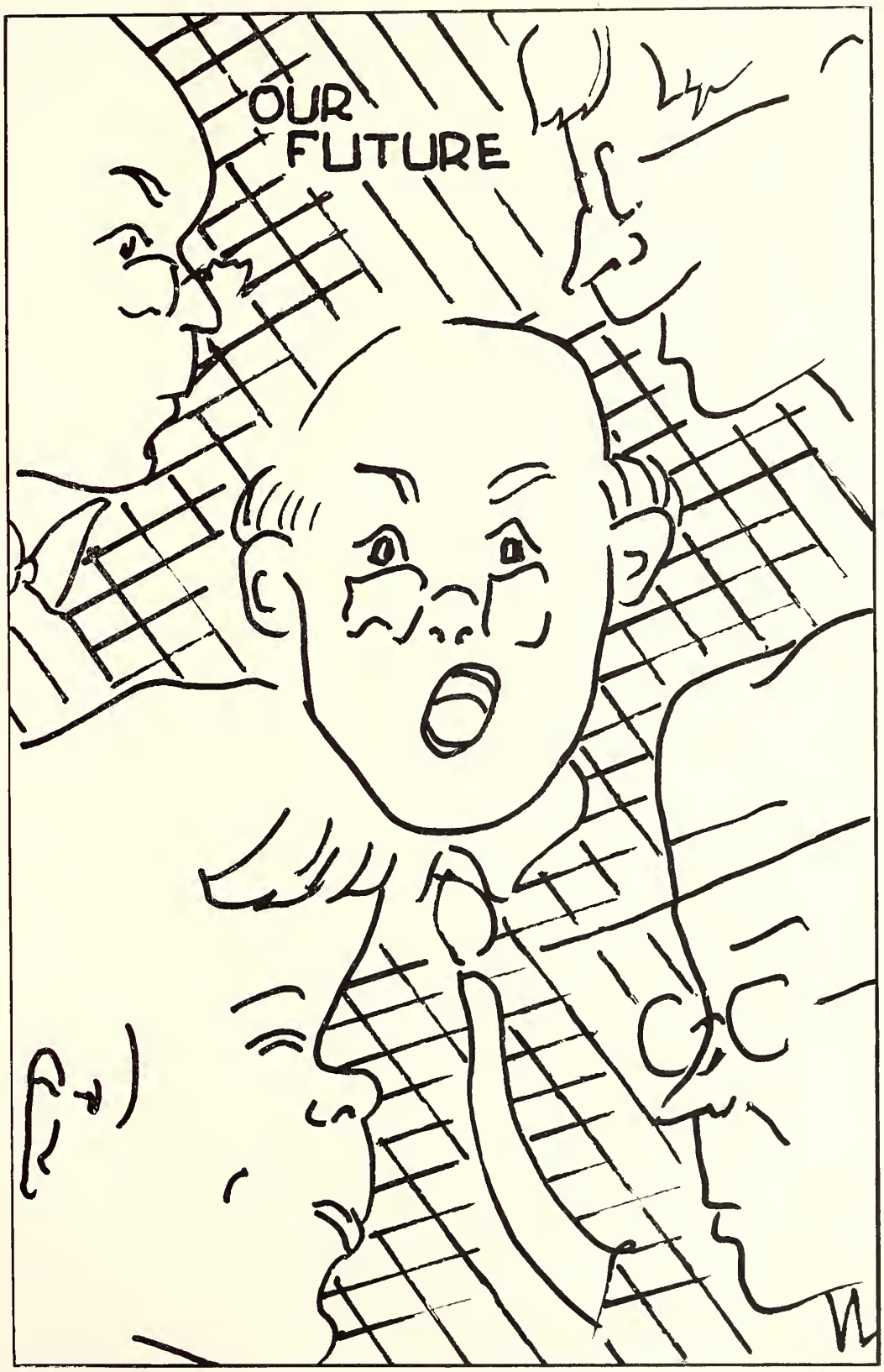
When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark school and wide,
And studying one talent, which, is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith Miss Lathrop, and present
My quiet presence, lest she returning chide;
'Doth she exact day labor, brains denied?'
I fondly ask, But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies,
'They also serve who only sit and sleep.'

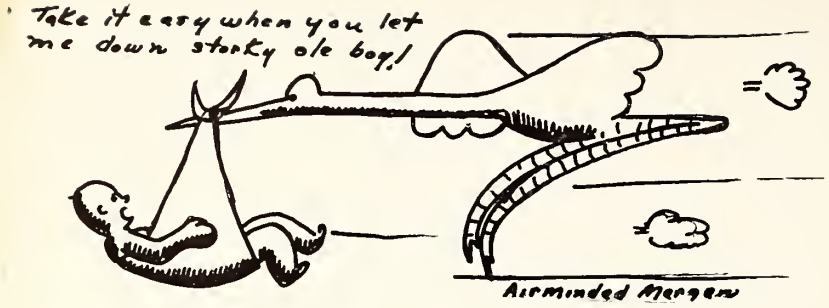
EIGHT O'CLOCK ANTHEM

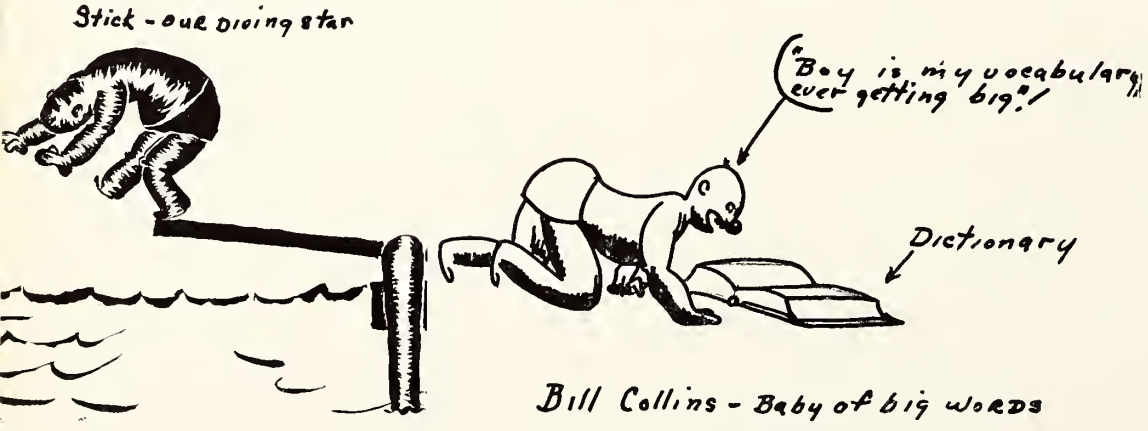
O father! dear father! our fearful trip is done,
Our car has weathered every light, the school is almost won,
The Teachers near, the bells I hear, the pupils all exulting,
While I have to go down to the office and get a tardy slip.

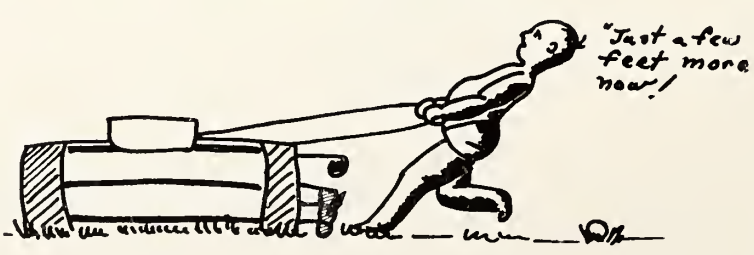
HUMOR

CARTOONS
GRIPES
GAGS
GOSSIP
POETRY
SENIOR PANS
ADS


OUR
FUTURE







SENIOR BABY PICTURES

NATIONAL SOREHEADS CLUB—
WISCONSIN DIVISION

Founded 1877

President—Tom Coleman

Vice President—Joe Bradley

Dues—Absolutely None

Treasurer—Farrington Daniels

Sec. of Interior—Bob Morse

Foreign Office—Jack Wilkie

Slogan—Shoot first, inquire later

Membership Qualifications—Presentation of three death certificates of chronic violators of the official Sorehead's Code, mailed upon receipt of a justifiable and printable gripe.

Dear Prof.—Dig deep and find a counter-play for the old flying wedge which is being revived with a vengeance between classes by our up-and-running young 7th and 8th graders. This book-scattering, shin-barking, belly-butting gang of galloping galoots fills the infirmary with dead and dying. Deliver us from this evil. Signed: Junior Pekel.

Dear Pekel—Most up-to-date schools have installed my new lever-control surprise stair railing (patent No. 5234690, price $59.50 F.O.B.). When an upperclassman finds himself hopelessly trapped on a landing between two cavalcades, he pulls a lever concealed in the rail post. Thereupon the railing swings into position across the tops of both stairways. The awkward positions taken by some of the mangled corpses as they smash jucily into the steel rails are a sight for sore eyes.

Dear Prof.—Each day I am mentally depressed by the graveyard monotone and undertaker expression of a certain instructor. He stands with his teeth in his mouth, droning out questions and names as though he thought it was julgment day. How can I enlighten the melancholy souls? Signed: Alpha.

Dear Alpha—The Secretary of the Interior informs me that up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the schools are using a locally invented giggle getter. Installed in the most advantageous location and manipulated by a skillful student, this device, by means of electromagnets and flexible wires, sneaks up the pants leg of the sour-faced prof as far as the knee joint. At this point a button is pressed which sets a turkey feather in the sneaker system vibrating at a great rate. The girlish giggles emitted by the befuddled professor have a guaranteed duration of not less than 4-5/16 minutes, and will carry any class through one semester without a dull moment.

Dear Prof.—I am annoyed by an ape who is seized with convulsions over his own joke before he springs the climax. Kindly rescue me from the gibbering boob. Signed: Captain Bob Davis.

Dear Capt.—A most pitiful case. Of course, there are many ways of dealing with such a person, for instance cracking him one on the skull with a pop bottle; but to do away with the violence of such a procedure, suppose we turn to a more conservative form of antidote. One very effective method is to stare fixedly at the man's mouth throughout the ordeal, and when it is all over, give him a fleeting glance of profound disgust, and walk away. Another involves the use of excessively loud and long laughter, dribbling out into a scatter of 'heh-hehs.' If these *should* fail, as a last resort try telling one yourself. You'd be surprised how easy it is to laugh raucously at your own joke and yet wind up with a beauty of an anti-climax.

Dear Prof.—There are certain instructors who holler their ankles loose for silence after the beginning bell, but when the hour is up, seem suddenly seized with an attack of atrophied eardrums. Signed: M.D.

Dear Butler—If you will send a check or money order for 25c, I will mail you without obligation the drawing of my patent 'Diving Bell.' This efficient Mechanism, when wired in series to the bell circuit, quckly dumps the instructor through a hole in the floor as soon as the bell gives its first beep.

Dear Prof.—I am besieged by an amateur chiropractor who chiropractices not only on me, but anyone luckless enough to come within range of his small-time jiu-jitsu. Signed: P. Zanoya.

Dear Phillip—The methods with which you can attack this monstrosity are unlimited. One lad I know of carries a small squirt gun full of liquid soap, and when the goop approaches, lets fly full in the face. Another bright one is to file down your incisors to needle points and use them in the little-known art of biting. Usually a mere baring of these formidable fangs will turn him away, eliminating the unpleasantness of flesh-tearing. One of my inventive readers sent me a drawing of his special patented surprise harness, consisting of a network of wide leather straps bristling with pins, and when concealed under the clothing (with the points out) gives any would-be Tarzan a jolt.

Dear Prof.—Every A.M. as I struggle through the turmoil, my ears are assailed by the wailing of a self-styled prima-donna cruising the linoleum soulfully singing (?) soupy sonatas. Signed: The Dane.

Dear Mariam—Such subtle insinuations as handing the lady a pitch-pipe, a gag, muzzle, or a piece of Limburger are somewhat effective, but for something permanent, go hire a couple of slugs (see dictionary) to do away with the lady, or if you're broke, simply clomp her on the co-co with a Latin book, that'll cook her soup.

Dear Prof.—I give up. This time it's the feather-headed female who goes into deep-breathing fits over Nelson Eddy. I joined a club, and committed a few murders, but it seems that as soon as I kill one, six or eight more spring into existence. Could you splice a new coil on the end of my rope? Signed: Swede Olson.

Dear Olson—Murder, by all means, is a sure-fire cure for all annoyances of this type, but another more instantaneous lid-clamper is in general use now, and entails the carrying-about of a pound or so of heavy cotton. Upon hearing the first sigh, the idea is to rush up to the offender, whip out a fistfull of cotton, and ram it as far down the gullet as possible. With practice, this becomes an art. One of my subscribers has developed his technique and finesse to such a degree that he can cram his cotton five millimeters farther than anyone else, withdraw all five fingers without being bitten, and be looking nonchalant again in five seconds flat. He uses the follow-through quick-recovery method. Try it and let me know how you come out.

Dear Prof.—I have lately been button-holed by an onion who insists on telling me all about the 'screwy dream he had last night.' Give the word, and I'll fire. Signed: B. Albrecht.

Dear Bob—This grinning goon falls into the same category as the soak who nails you with the story of the movie he saw last week.' Here, you may employ a very insidious and powerful weapon. Simply stop using your Listerine and Lifebuoy. I assure you the results will counteract the effects of any number of onions.

WISCONSIN HIGH DICTIONARY

Attitude—something about us that teachers don't like.
Babe—a gum chewing dimwitted blonde—also a form of address as in "Hiya babe ! Where ya goin'?"
Bodacious—a superlative.
Books—objects carried to impress teachers.
Bore—synonym for a class.
Blowhard—a debater.
Crow—a member of a Glee Club or the A Cappella Choir,
Date—a racket kept alive by the girls (see racket).
Destiny's tot—a child of fortune. (Fred Balsley)
Dil—short for daffodil; an effeminate one.
Dime a dozen—one whose mental value can be represented in two ciphers.
Dixiedrip—a daughter of the southland.
Dope—a person whose actions show a pathetic sincerity.
Droopy drawers—a lad whose trousers drag. (B. Swensen)
Education—a futile process of vaccination. This process produces violent symptoms which wear off about a month after the injections are ceased.
Fairy—a fickle, flighty, fluffer.
Fiend—one who is addicted to something or other.
Fluff—expression indicating anger as in, "Oh fluff."
Frost—attracts the girls' ice.
Goon—One who goons or tips a whiffle-board.
Goop—what girls call each other.
Hambitious—wanting to become a Wisconsin High actor.
King of the school—Jocko Titley.
Leather puss—one whose countenance is immobile.
Loon—a mental flyweight.
Lug—a grade below a slug (see slug).
Mug—synonym for pan, puss or visage. Also a term of contempt.
Old Snoop—nickname for certain faculty members.
Panty waist—Skip it. We're sorry we brought this one up.
Pest—slang for a Junior.
Pot—one who is rather shallow.
Racket—something on which you can't win.
Screwy—condition of being a lettle tetched in the noggin.
Skonk—term of contempt, as in "You filthy skonk."
Slug—pet name for any brainless brawny in the school.
Smellodrama—a One-Act Play.
Squirrel—one who has false notions.
Squirt—Bob Davis's brother.
Toots—form of greeting as in "Hi toots."
Triple threat—stumble, fumble and grumble king.
Twerp—only a mother can love him.
Varmint—term of contempt.
Wart—a bunion on the toe of humanity.
Whiffleboard—racket which attracts all those who have outgrown marble playing but who still like to see the balls roll around.

TALK OF THE TEACHERS

Mr. Phillips—"The Holy Roman Empire was neither holy, Roman, nor an empire."

Mrs. Pfeiffer—"These grades are not going to be changed unless you can find something wrong with my arithmetic. Of course its entirely possible that I may have made a mistake." (The Annual thinks its all done with mirrors.)

Coach Knapp—"Would you say that at your family dinner table?" (Why certainly Coach; I guess you just don't know my family.)

Miss Weber—"You're not hitting the nail on the head. Let's get down to the underlying principles."

Mr. Kivlin—"We have no homework in this class."

Miss Lathrop—"Careful of the talking."* (*Scientific Note: Talking generates a dangerous, highly inflammable gas which might explode some day and blow the roof off our Alma Mater.)

Mr. Ryan—"Come into my office at 3:30." (Note: Don't be frightened. Just take him up on that invitation.)

Mrs. Northrup—"That's the third time you've been tardy. What's the matter with you?" (All right Mrs. Northrup, I'll bite.)

Miss Ruth Johnson—"When I was a girl out in North Dakota, I used to know a family that illustrates that point."

Dean Hinderman—"Is there anyone in the class willing to take the responsibility for getting this job done?"

Mrs. Burr—"German's really not so difficult, it's just how you take it." (Yes, Mrs. Burr, but what if German takes me?)

Mr. Davis—"Now by Ohm's first law and by substituting in the equation $I=\frac{nE}{nr+R}$ we find that the comb contains electrons which make your hair stand on end."
Mr. Pooley—

"Ill fares the class, to hastening ills a prey,
Where tests accumulate, and brains decay."

"There was an old man from Gorham
He bought some new pants and he wore 'em
He stooped and he laughed
Then he felt a great draught
Instantly he knew where he tore 'em."

THROUGH WISCONSIN HIGH WITH PICK AND SHOVEL

Has Bob Morse cooled or did Nancy? (I dunno)
Butler and Mergen never will learn to stay in their own class. Always chasing the college girls.

If Popeye Davis doesn't go kodakrazy getting snapshots he must be the stuff that strong men are made of.

Dick James was going to come through with some material for this column because we hold a note from his Lovey-Dovey Wifie. The ball and chain threatens to divorce him and get custody of Dick James Jr. unless Captain James quits philandering. If you want to see more of Barbara Ewbank's torrid epistle see the Editor, who is re'ailing copies at fifteen cents apiece each.

Bill Swensen and Mary Jane Thomas are still in the ever loving class. This column knows why Mary Jane is a good bet for prom queen. Just ask the king. Bud Brodhead ought to learn how to bum school. Why doesn't he take lessons from Bob Jackson?

Very side splitting is Fran Chapman abstaining from smoking during Lent.

Will some one please tell us who Jane Rash goes with. There's a rumor that Memphis Jane gives Howie Weiss, the freshman football find, inspiration for good grades. (He flunked.)

Is Billy Mutchler taking cooking because he loves his stomach or because Neleh Snikpoh is the object of his affections?

If Margaret Lynott weren't quite so blase maybe she could get some local talent instead of invading West's territory.

Young squirt Davis is treading in his brother's footsteps. He reads Popular Mechanics and Boy's Life in every studyhall.

What's the matter with Ann Fish? Doesn't Annie live here any more? Did all the boys graduate, Ann?

Good Fun—Virginia McCormick's speech in Debate Club on assigned question, "Do you want Joe Bradley or change?"

HELPFUL HINTS

"Mogo" Bush—Do something about that laugh of yours.

Marg. Lynott—Forget that your sister was a Badger Beauty.

"Kay" Kilgore—Learn how to walk without looking like a tight rope walker.

Jane Rash—Learn how to speak the English language.

To all girls from down Dixie way—If you all don't quit saying youall, youall will get hit on the head with an axe.

THE DRIVELLING PEGASUS

Have you a little poet in your home? For mankind's sake strangle him before it's too late. The following verses show the disastrous effects of letting your poets grow up. They are published with certain obviously needed apologies and it is hoped that the authors can settle down after letting off steam.

There was an old man
With a wooden leg
He had no money
No money could he beg
He tied four spools to an old tin can
Called it a Ford V-8, F.O.B. Detroit $595
and up
And the darned thing ran.

Plant culture, O plant culture
You meet but five times a week.
And when you come, to our dismay
We sleep, sleep, sleep.

Little pupil in the school
Teacher catch him with a drool
Annual fry him with a pan
Come baby, take it like a man.

Here you see an interesting case,
How to take up space and space.
Just to keep things not amiss
I must ramble on like this.
What shall I put down next, Hey?
Anything I think I'll say
This poem is gradually pooing out;
It took the space up, just about.
(Not by the Editor.)

Who is this comes 'long the hall?
Greeting all with beck and call?
Why, it's our old friend, "Minnie" Mutch
We're glad to see him as he strutsch.

My Inspiration

My poetic genius is a bit latent
Cramped by the weight of lead inherent
I've ceased to suffer from fool illugions
And will adopt the life of endless stoogins.

The Barefaced Clock

Curses on thee, little clock,
Timing piece with heart of rock!
With thy very early tunes,
And thy get-up rat-tat-toons;
With thy dread din, dreader still
Caused by late hours in the mill:
With the starlight on thy face,
Through the window's frosty lace;
From my bed I give thee curse,—
I must up and schoolward go!

Ham on Eggs

Once there was a man named Ryan
Who said that he would ham have rye on
They brought him a so tempting Desch
That he said no, I of pig want flesh
Not an actor though he be
Bisy, bisy as a bee (ouch)!

Ghostly Glimmers

I've often wondered where it is
The wraith of Wisconsin High
Through the hall it fast does whizz
Sometimes far and sometimes nigh.

Fugitive From a Machine Gang

Machines, machines, cogs and wheels
No one knows how mad I feels
Turning, turning, drooling, dripping
None of this you'll find me sipping.

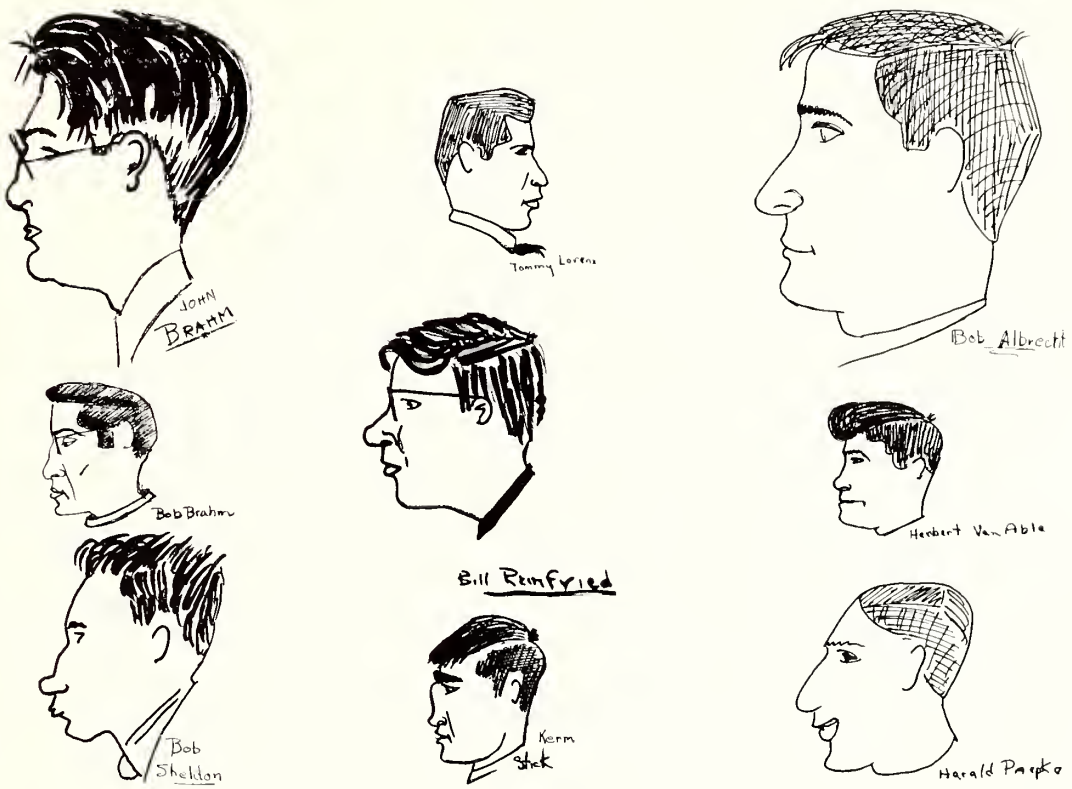
Drought

The school suddenly went dry
Why don't know not I why
No more whoozy hot air oozing
Sloomy, floating, crolping, coozing.

The Staff Emotes

We're the boys of the annual
As we assemble this manual
Laughing, giggling, as we go
Never lacking poetic flow.

HALL OF FAME



Why They Made the Hall.

JOHN BRAHM—because of his brother, Bob.

TOM LORENZ—because he is a blonde beauty.

BOB ALBRECHT—because he's the brains of the football team.

BOB BRAHM—because of his brother, John.

BILL REINFRIED—because he is the inventor of the Reinfried Restful Repose Regulations.

HERB VAN ABEL—because he's the "Dizzy Dean" of Woo.

BOB SHELDON—because he is responsible for this magnificent page (give him a foot folks).

KERM STICK—because he is king of the school.

HAROLD PAEPKE—because of his sophisticated suavity.

SENIOR OBITUARY — 1936

Name	Cause of Death	Last Words	Bequest
Bob Albrecht	Died of Thirst	Hike—one—two	His blocking to Billy Jones.
Fred Balsley	Bowling	Geez! Is that baby nice	His legs to Jane Rash.
Betty Bass	Talking in Assembly	I'm not appreciated	Dramatics to Ethel Barrymore
Alice Blied	Reduced to absolute zero	I'm only a shadow of my former sylph	Her picture to the senior class.
Joe Bradley	A haircut	Just around the edges	His skis to Fergus Smith.
John Brahm	He wasn't the write type	Buy a paper and increase my circulation	His job to Dale Buck.
Robert Brahm	He threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it	I've got a feeling I'm falling	Cigarette butts to Ricky Bradley.
Inge Bruns	Bob Davis	I don't use peroxide	Her peroxide to Harlow.
Margaret Bush	Her brother's puns	Do-re-mi	Her brother to solitary confinement.
Fred Butler	Singing Christmas Caryls	Sailor beware	His frame to Junior Strong.
Nancy Cady	Squirrels got her	Aw Nuts!	Her gold basketball to the showcase.
Fran Chapman	Friday Nights	I really should study, but—	Her love life to the Hearst papers.
Roy Colbert	Carrying too heavy a brief case	Roy *Jefferson* Colbert Jr., please	His reticence to Margo Winckler.
Tom Coleman	Parking his Ford	Women? Phooey!	His enthusiasm to Mac Greeley.
Bill Collins	Line Plunging	How about a game of Tic Tac To, Miss Weber?	His attitude to Mr. Phillips.
Farrington Daniels	Pun-Stroke	Unaccustomed as I am—	His debate cards to Eddie Holt.
Bob Davis	Somebody laughed at his jokes	I haven't a drag in Physics	His dime-a-dance tickets to Billy Mutchler.
Charles Deakman	Talking too much in Physics class	And furthermore I should like to say—	His line to Chuck Hanson.
Dorothy Larson	Art-failure	All I'm interested in is Art, Mr. Hinderman	Articulation to Mr. Claxton.

Name	Cause of Death	Last Words	Bequest
Sylvia Larson	Waiting for her words to catch up with her	Come on tongue, let's wiggle	Her coat and hat to the Russian Gov't.
Lillian Liebetrau	Mistaken for Miss Lathrop	This shelf is faculty reading only	Her stacks to Dorothy Stoneman.
Margaret Lynott	Killed in a bridge game	Stop staring at me!	Her eyes to Mariam Hansen.
Margaret McIntyre	Changing schools	Me for a warmer clime	Her Scotch ancestry to the liquor stores.
Joe Mergen	He fell from McLeod	Let's go over to the Wisconsin	His sodas to Jane Rash.
Helen Milward	A hole-in-one	Fore!	Her golf to Bob Sheldon.
Meredith Missman	Automobiles	I haven't my driver's license with me	Curly tops to Shirley Temple.
Nelle Dickson	Too much Cheese	Be Krafty	Her hair to Keena Rogers.
Aldwin Ellis	Mental fatigue	You Ethiopian- - - -	His teeth to the Dean.
Sidney Femrite	Too many Proms	Let's sit this one out	His insomnia to Mary Alice Hendrickson.
Russell Garver	A matrimonial agency caught up with him	I'd rather die than say, yes	His magazines to the library.
Dale Gillette	Pooed out an a wellllllll	Wellll—it aaaaall depends	His chickens to Tom Lorenz.
Art Grebler	His head caught on fire	Auf—wie—	His football suit to Coach.
Bill Gross	He couldn't get his Lyn-ott	Let's play bridge	His French accent to Madame Pfeiffer.
Bob Hackbarth	Youthful frivolity	Gad!	His comb to Dick James.
Uta Hagen	Practice Teachers	Catch me!	Her makeup to Marcia Walton.
Lyding Havey	Spontaneous Combustion	Hotcha-Hotcha!	His flames to the Freshmen.
Charles Kallevang	Too much ham	O cursed spite The time is out of joint	His telephone list to John Dawson.
Bill Kelly	He kicked off	Did we have a time!	His improved bulletin boards to Mr. Ryan.

Name	Cause of Death	Last Words	Bequest
Kay Kilgore	Curvature of the spine	Carry me back to old Quebec	Her walk to up-and-coming sirens.
Bob Morse	He saw stars	Are you good at Ping-Pong?	His boyish charm to Karl Kriel.
Dorothy Nohr	Left off the first honor roll	What have I done to deserve this?	Her swimming to Mary Jane Marks.
Harold Paepke	He blew his heart out	Bury me in Columbus	His cornet to Calvin Royston.
Eleanor Ramsdell	Too keyed up	Who was this guy, Rachmaninoff?	Piano playing to Ruth Wilson.
Harold Reichenberg	Pumping Footballs	What did you get for the second Physics problem	His letters to Dar Waters.
Betty Reineking	Blushed to death	You've got me all wrong	Her blush to Bat Sanderson.
Bill Reinfried	He broke through the ice	Glub!	His form to Jeanne Mueller.
Martha Richeson	Southern Exposure	I really don't think so	She left her all in Florida.
Elizabeth Rockwell	An Eskimo proposed to her	Not Inkwell—Rockwell	Southern accent to Mr. Pooley.
Dorothy Stark	Too many posters	You upstarks and imposters	Her genius to posterity.
Kermit Stick	Wild Parties	Whoopee!	His haircut to Eva Jollos.
Don Stoneman	Kicked by a cow	Co' boss! Co' boss!	His prize money to Tony Sanna.
Harold Stoneman	Kicked by a horse	Now horsie	His money to the undertaker.
Bill Swensen	Low tackle	I gotta see the little woman	His dates to Bill Cargill.
Jack Titley	Murdered by Webster's ghost	Hueng lang ypee!	His record to Junior Pekel.
Bill Twenhofel	Four personal fouls	You can't do this to me	His Fords to Warren Sommers.
Herbert Van Abel	Chapped lips	I was down at my locker getting my books	His dates to the dogs.
Leone Wardle	Pauperism—cost of keeping dog	Quack, Quack	Her dog to Pierpont Morgan.
Jack Wilkie	Choked on too many notes	Zum-Zum-Zum	His voice to Mrs. Voss.
John Wilson	Cranking	(Censored)	His car to the junk heap.

VOCATIONAL PLACEMENT RECORD— CLASS OF '36

Bob Albrecht—Goal post painter for Soldiers' Field, Chicago.
Fred Balsley—Gossip columnist and advice to love-lorn editor of the Daily Burgle.
Betty Bass—Music-turner for New York Philharmonic orchestra.
Alice Blied—School-teacher, Podunk, Ohio.
Joe Bradley—Director of Chicago Opera Co. (Protegée Josephine Trumbower)
John Brahm—Floor-sweeper, Kayser Motor Co.
Robert Brahm—Professor of German, Harvard University.
Inge Bruns—Fourth violin, Sun Prairie Symphony Orchestra.
Margaret Bush—Voice teacher, Bush School of Voice.
Fred Butler—Understudy and Bull-noise maker, Carmen, Il Trovatore, etc. Metropolitan Opera Co.
Nancy Cady—Geologist. (Need we say more?)
Fran Chapman—Deck hand, fishing schooner.
Roy Colbert—Professor, leader of "More advice" movement.
Tom Coleman—Archaeologist, discoverer of rare bull frog fossils.
Bill Collins—Author of "Diversified Dictionaries for Doleful Dunces."
Farrington Daniels—Esquire's Candid Cameraman.
Bob Davis—Just another Physics teacher.
Charles Deakman—Salesman for Henry Ford.
Nevelle Dickson—Pres., "have Cheese More" Assn.
Aldwin Ellis—World's champion wrestler. Grunt and groan expert.
Sidney Femrite—Owner of Femrite Dairy Co.
Russell Garver—Just a Gigolo.
Dale Gillette—Chief Tester, Wrigley Gum Co.
Art Grebler—Architect, Grebler, Grebler, Grebler and Grebler., Inc.
Bill Gross—Author of "Casanova 11's autobiography."
Bob Hackbarth—Golf caddy and green-mower.
Uta Hagen—Professional actress, Hormel's Ham Hour.
Lyding Havey—Pres. Havey Horseless Harrow Co.
Charles Kallevang—Dancing teacher, Van Abel School.
Bill Kelly—Hoop straightener for Madison Square Garden basketball games.
Kay Kilgore—Gilda Gush, Movie Siren.
Dotty Larson—Draws cats as villains in Mickey Mouse Comedies.
Sylvia Larson—English teacher, Wisconsin High School.
Lillian Liebetrau—Inspector for book worms, Collins Foundation Library.
Margaret Lynott—She got Kerm Stick (poor girl!)
Margaret McIntyre—Married to Mr. Sakri's son.
Joe Mergen—Mixes dope for airplane wings.
Helen Milward—Prima Donna, Paris Garter Opera Co.
Bob Morse—Undertaker, Morse Mortuary.
Meredith Missman—Goes fishing for the fun in Cassting.
Dorothy Nohr—Phy. Ed. teacher, Side Uppen Bend College.
Harold Paepke—Salvation Army band leader.
Eleanor Ramsdell—Famous concert piano tuner.
Bam Reichenberg—Manager, Bean Bay Rackers.
Betty Reineking—Myrna Loy's double for blush scenes in Technicolor.
Martha Richeson—Successor to Miss Lathrop.
Betty Rockwell—Pres., W.C.T.U.
Dorothy Stark—This is a deep Stark secret (Laugh line)
Kerm Stick—Trainer for U of W. athletic teams.
Harold Stoneman—Half owner of Stoneman's Style Shoppe;
Don Stoneman—ditto
Bill Swensen—Inventor of the Swensen Sleep-well mattress for tired Prom Kings.
Jack Titley—Professor of Chinese, Ling Lang University, Whoop Hong, China.
Bill Twenhofel—Lawyer. Owner of station K*D*K*D*
Herbert Van Abel—Prin., Van Abel School of Child Culture.
Leone Wardle—Owner of Wardle Dog Farm.
Jack Wilkie—Pres., Board of visitors, Mosey-Dale nursery.
John Wilson—Convict No. 198436, Leavenworth Kan. 40 yrs., for report card forgery.

NINE MONTHS IN STIR

SEPT. 16—My word! What an impressive looking group of seniors. Too bad they can only be with us one more year.

SEPT. 16—West's pupils spent all year forgetting this one night when Wisconsin High's underrated football team rose up and kicked West for a 3 to 0 row of pop bottles.

SEPT. 27—Richland Center feels the stuff of those eleven Clydemons. 21 to 7.

OCT. 5—Captain Stick and ten other guys beat Stoughton.

OCT. 12—Fort stopped our team for a scoreless tie. The football team suspects that Ben Beebe, Fort halfback, is really Jesse Owens without the sunburn.

OCT. 15—Parents get the low-down on how little Susie and Johnnie are behaving. A faculty tea.

OCT. 19—What! Another one? Edgerton 0, Wisconsin High 0.

OCT. 26—The team displayed some of the confidence and spirit they showed in early engagements as Coach would put it. Wisconsin High 33, Monroe 12. Even the Editor got a touchdown.

OCT. 26—Revolutions, dictators, loves and stuff. The Queen's Husband without its Princess.

039. 30—First of six issues of the "Bad News." Teachers put the slug on us with report cards.

NOV. 2—The boys gave everything they had but Watertown was just too good. Watertown 14, W. H. S. 0.

NOV. 2—Queen's Husband back in town with Uta this time.

NOV. 7—Scarlet fever and teachers' convention. Students do all their back school work. (What a sense of humor we've got.)

NOV. 16—Sophomore Shuffle. (Postponed on account of scarlet fever.)

NOV. 17—Scarlet fever vacation like all good things must come to an end.

DEC. 13—Wisconsin High and Central. Central 35. Wisconsin High 12.

DEC. 14—An hour of drahama. Another group of one acts.

DEC. 20—Stoughton plays us. Stoughton did most of the playing.

DEC. 21—School halts.

DEC. 22—The Dean's boys are right in there pitching at Wilkie's Hi-Y party.

DEC. 22-JAN. 7—What you did during this period is your own business.

JAN. 7—If the last day of vacation comes, can school be far behind?

JAN. 10—Monroe plays us.

JAN. 17—Watertown plays us.

JAN. 18—Umpty-nine feet of snow and ice and nigh unto 97 degrees below zero. Even the dauntless Debaters, protected as they are by their inexhaustible supply of hot air, refused to risk trip to Rockford.

JAN. 21—Editor sniffs laughing gas and tells sad stories. Stewie's stomach fails him. Hi-Y boys visit Jackson clinic.

JAN. 24—Edgerton game. Pardon the yawn.

JAN. 25—The Squeakem, Blowem and Yellem crew gets down to serious work. To be perfectly clear, the Music Department holds a concert.

JAN. 31—Fort plays W. H. S. Oh yes, my insomnia is much better.

FEB. 7—Stoughton adds insult to injury.

FEB. 8—Debate tournament with seven schools entered. Wisconsin High wins seventh place by virtue of sheer endurance. What's wrong, Team? Can't you fix the judges anymore?

FEB. 14—St. Valentine's Day. Mr. Werking crashes the gossip columns.

FEB. 21—Watertown plays us. I really believe my insomnia is definitely cured.

FEB. 21—Deadline for Annual Snapshots. My, but the Annual Snapshot Editor's got a queer sense of humor.

FEB. 22—W blubbers (clubbers to you) stage their first party.

FEB. 23—Mrs. Pfeiffer (the old kidder), "Quel temps fait—il aujourd'hui?" Class: "Tres beau. Tres beau." Thermometer above freezing for the first time in a month.

FEB. 28—Even Edgerton can do it.

MAR. 6—Fort held the fort.

MAR. 7—East. Too bad, boys. You were going tough.

MAR. 9—"Gee wasn't I the cute little tyke?" Seniors haul out baby pictures for contest.

MAR. 10—Miss Borchers goes in for small-time bribes. "Name your own price, but keep my name out of the Annual gossip column."

MAR. 11—Captain Stick: "Would a soda keep me out of the gossip column?"

MAR. 12—Swensen: "Only seventy-five cents to keep Mary Jane and me out of the gossip column? It's a deal."

MAR. 13—Annual declares bonus to staff. (Gyp artists to you suckers.)

MAR. 14—Canny Fanny Daniels wins thirty cents on Monroe basketball game. Guess who he bet on.

MAR. 16—A Cappella Choir chosen. How did that Mergen guy get in?

MAR. 16—First sign of spring. Butler gets out Lena, his tin horse.

MAR. 19-20—Basketball tournament. Platteville and Stoughton.

MAR. 24—Dress Parade. Annual pictures.

MAR. 31-APR. 1—Forensics. Jocko Titley lived up to his advance notices.

APR. 3—Hi-Y party at Lorenz's. The King of Swing and his orchestra play. (No, you dope. We don't mean Benny Goodman.)

APR. 11—Sophomore Shuffle. The Annual laughed and laughed cause they knew it was all a Sophoax.

MAY 2—Low lights and sweet music. Prom.

MAY 8—Another parent-faculty tea. These things are happening too frequently for comfort. Already it's the second time this school year.

MAY 15—Athletic Field Day. Pardon me but this warm weather makes me feel so unathletic.

JUNE 11—It's the finish.

MR. RYAN SOLILOQUIZES

"I wonder if the scolding I gave that seventh grader will stop him from running through the halls. I suppose it will quiet him down for about a week. . . I hope Gertrude has sewed that button on. . . Gosh! Look at that sweater. Maybe the boy is color-blind or something. . . What! Mr. Pooley late again? I must tell him that he must be here at ten minutes to eight. This must never occur again. . . My, but Dave is tall. He's the only person I've ever had to look up to. . . What, Mrs. Northrup? Yes, tell her to have those reports in immediately. Don't forget those attendance slips either, will you? . . . That practice-teacher is wearing those riding breeches again. I must speak to her. You'd think she'd have better sense . . . Oh! Here comes Kermy. Wonder if he'll go out for football in the University. I mustn't forget to speak to him about the way he drives that car of his. Yesterday he almost ran me off the street. . . Good morning, Miss Weber. It's funny that hardly anyone ever gets an 'A' in her class the first six weeks. It certainly can't be that the pupils aren't as intelligent the first period. . . The whole basketball team is talking in that corner. I don't like that. I wouldn't vouch for their conversation. (Swensen approaches) He's a fine looking boy. I like him—quiet and well mannered—seems to know what he's doing. . . Jane and Frances are just coming in. I wonder why they are such good friends. They rather remind me of Mutt and Jeff. Yes, Miss Johnson? No, no faculty meeting this afternoon. I'm going to drive to Beloit at two-thirty. . . I wonder what it is that makes Roy so likeable. All of his pupils seem to like him. I don't know what I would do without him around this school. He's certainly a great help. . . All those girls flirting and acting silly, childish—that's it—childish. . . I mustn't forget to visit Mrs. Voss's class this morning. Several pupils in it would bear watching. . . The bell, and Kelly just entering the door. He'll be late. Keg late too? Goodness! Why are those athletes always so slow? They look fine out on the field though. I'm proud to be their Principal. . . I'll have to speak to Mrs. Burr about this bulletin board. Some of those announcements have been there for weeks. . . What's this, more paper on the floor? I mustn't forget to speak about this in assembly, nor must I forget to finish that article, "Difficulties of an Increased Extra-Curricular Program." I must make it good. . . That singing in the locker-room must stop. I'll give them a real talking to this time. . . And that battery in the car! I'll send Junior to get it fixed. . . Goodness, how does one ever get time to get any work done with all these little things occurring every minute. . . Oh Lord, here's Mr. Lees to see about the arrangements for Bascom Theater. I never get any time to do any work."

BABY PICTURE CONTEST

Bill Kelly
1st Prize Boys'

Nevelle Dickson —
2nd Prize Girls'

Fred Butler
1234 Sherman Ave

GRAND PRIZE
Farrington Daniels

Brahm Bros. Inc.

"He still plays center
Bill Swensen

1st Prize - Girls'
Dorothy Larson —

2nd Prize Boys'
DALE GILLETTE —

It's a girl !! —
Joe Bradley

Ashamed of Your Teeth?

Do as this girl did and YOU TOO can face the world with gleaming pearls.

USE DEANTYNE TOOTH FLAKES

An R. A. Hinderman Product

This picture graphically shows the effects of rubbing elbows. The only hope of cure at this advanced stage is ALDWIN ELLIS'S ELBOW EQUALIZER. Only *one out of six escapes* among those who frequent crowded corridors. You are a victim! End suffering with ELIS'S.

IS YOUR HEAD IN A WHIRL?

I, too, was a nervous wreck until I made my great discovery. Let me share it with you. Develop concentration, genius, repose, a hypnotic eye, a silver tongue, an alkaline balance, and a romantic heart. All this in six easy lessons. Sleep guaranteed by the third lesson. Send 46c for mimeographing and become a genius.

Prof. McMullen during a moment of creative genius

"Moose-Jaw" McMullen, MASTER MIND-MAKER

BLINDFOLD DRIVING TEST. These noted persons tried driving the test cars securely blindfolded, and hear what they say:

Tim Harrington, Tuba Tubaist—"Ask the pan who's blown one."

Jeanne Mueller—"It's got the tin you love to touch."

Ben Anderson—"I'm glad to hear that it counteracts acidity."

Mrs. Voss, shot-putter—"I like the clutch."

Bob Jackson—"I've tried all spree."

Ira C. Davis, ivory-hunter—"I drive 'em every day."

Nancy Cady, authoress—"One gives you a lift."

Booby Hackbarth, golf-ball painter—"They won't let you down."

Billy Jones, celebrated goon—"I like the knee action."

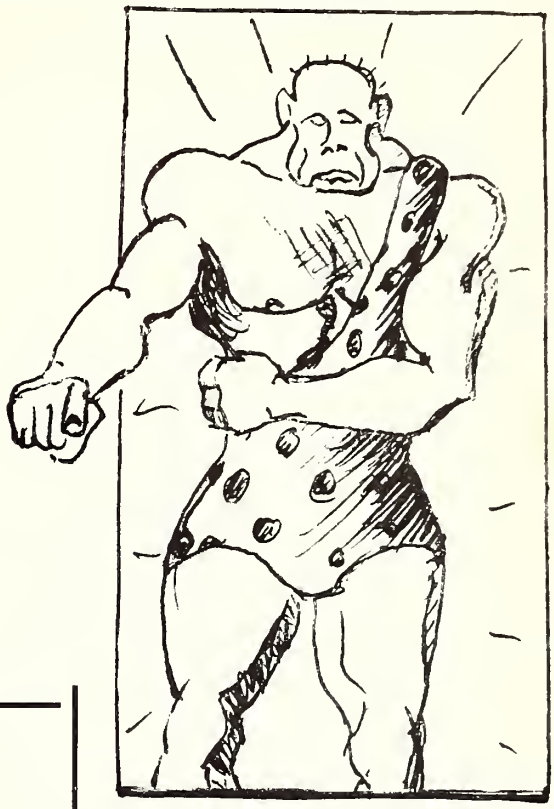
Calvin Royston, noted minister—"They've got glass."

Miss Hoard, famous traveloguer—"Right, left, middle of the road it gets you there in one piece."

Bob Beck, family man—"I find the automatic brain indispensable."

ANNUAL WANT ADS ARE GO AT GETTERS

Give Me Your Measure and I'll Prove



In 7 days people will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow. You will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best marks while the others wonder how you do it.

Write your name and address carefully on a report card and send it to me. Be sure to enclose ten dollars for packing and mailing costs. I'll send you absolutely **free my new five-foot shelf of books "Eternal Strength and Health."** It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 16 pound, flat-chested weakling into a husky he-man, who won the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Moron," and it shows you how I can develop you into a Butch-Stick Champion.

It tells all about my colossal "Iambic Pension" method and what it has done to make **men** in hundreds of cases it can do for you. Don't keep on being only half the man you can be; find out what I can do for you.

Where shall I send you a copy of "Eternal Strength and Health?"

PHILIP'S PHAITHFUL PHEMALE PHONE PHINDER

We have only a limited supply of complete girl telephone and address lists of the Wisconsin High School. Get yours while they last! Pocket edition with names and phone numbers only sells for 50c. De Luxe edition with pictures, personal histories, and description of each girl for $3.50. A real buy. See Phil Desch at box LRIG before they're all gone.

LOST: One University Freshman football star. No questions asked if returned in good condition.—J. Rash.

COLLECTORS: I have a few rare specimens of calf-love notes collected from wastebaskets of Wisconsin High School. Exceedingly interesting and very hard to find. Ones not mentioning word "love" 25c. Ones signed "with love" 50c to $1. Ones signed "hubby," "wific," or others of especially drooling sentiment $1.50 up to $5.00 for a rare football captain issue.—Will Collins, Locker 6, near the Dean's office.

NEW INVENTION: Keeper on right side of road for English minded women drivers on double boulevards.

THEMES, PLOTS, TEST ANSWERS, ETC.: Schoolwork made easy. All first honor roll pupils recommend our supplies. Also a special line of invisible ink and shirt cuff conjugations, declensions, vocabularies, and definitions. Send for our free catalog.—Junior Strong Corp.

Are you a lonely heart? Are you left out of social events? Learn the secrets of popularity and win for yourself the love and romance life has in store for you. Try the new scientific discovery BALSLEY'S BABE-GETTER PERFUME. Women will worship you instinktively. The means of happiness is within your grasp. Don't give it up. Buy a bottle of Balsley's—10c per whiff at your neighborhood druggists.

Poisoning done reasonable. Have your enemies disposed of. Special price on teachers.—Paul Lorenz.

DATING COMPANY INCORPORATED

If your "ideal" won't ask you for a date, send in your name, address, and phone number to Kriel and Company, Inc., University Ave. & Lorch Street.

WE'LL GET THAT DATE BOYS! ARE YOU BASHFUL? CALL US.

GAMES AND DEBATES FIXED

Our rates are reasonable and our work carries a money back guarantee. We employ all the latest dopes, drugs, sneeze and itching powders, hypnotic devices, and leg breakers. Why pass up victory when we can easily supply it to you? Rates from 25c per opponent per quarter hour. We have regularly fixed the basketball and debate teams this year.—Knabporchers Company.

The Photoart takes this opportunity to thank the students, faculty and annual staff for their patronage.

We are always ready to serve you for your photographic needs.

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Portraits that are the finest
Groups our specialty

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Cameras and Kodaks
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Complete Movie Advice
Photo Finishing
Commercial Photography
Framing
All Photographic Supplies

Fairchild 21

The Photoart
413 State Street

FINIS

Hoping we'll have a swell time at your cottage this summer! If and maybe!!?!!

Mary Jean Oeland

Dear Janet:
Although I saw you many times before, I didn't know how nice you were till this and I hope we may always remain good friend and better

Love, Verle Worth

Printed by
MAYER PRINTING COMPANY
Madison

Photography by
PHOTOART HOUSE
Madison

Engraving by
PREMIER ENGRAVING COMPANY
Milwaukee

Dear Janet
I hope you will remember me for some time. I don't know ~~if~~ we will be together through high school but I hope so! I wish you the best of luck and success during your whole life.

With Love
Inge Marianne Jollos

Dear Janet,

May your happiness be everlasting!

Suzanne Findlay

Dear Janet;

Here's to lots of luck to a swell pal and a swell girl.

your friend.

Barbara Zapata

Dear Janet;

Don't B ~~#~~

Don't B d

Just B '4

Love to my fellow sufferer,

Dorothy Terry